

AFTERLIFE *With* Archie®



BOOK
ONE

ROBERTO AGUIRRE-SACASA • FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA

AFTERLIFE *with* Archie®

**BOOK ONE:
"ESCAPE FROM RIVERDALE"**

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Printed in Canada. FIRST PRINTING. ISBN: 978-1-61988-908-8



THIS
IS
HOW
THE
END
OF
THE
WORLD
BEGINS..





--Juggie?

...it's
H-Hot Dog,
Sabrina...

...a car
hit him,
and...
and...

~sob/~

...I
need your
help...

FRAN
GAVIL
4.1.13



Here.
Drink
this
tea.

Wha...
what's in
it? Some
potion?

Plain ol'
chamomile.
To calm you
down.

We're
sorry,
boy...



We tried our
healing magicks,
but your poor
pup is gone.

*Requiescat
in pace.*



¿choke¿

No.
Nonono
NO...



Yes. He
was already
gone when
you brought
him to us.

If he'd still
been alive, some-
thing *might* have
been done...

Perhaps, sister.
Bones could have
been mended...

Cells
regenerated,
blood-coagulation
reversed...



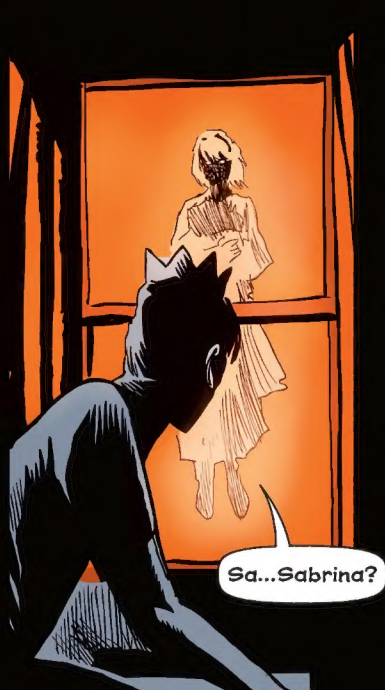
C'mere,
boy...

But once
the breath of
life has left
the body...

...well,
there are
limits to
even our
powers.







Sa...Sabrina?



Meet me
outside, by
Hot Dog's
doghouse--



--and
Jughead...
bring a
shovel.



Where
are we
going?

The
very edge
of River-
dale...



...Swedlow Swamp,
bordered by
Carson's Creek...

But for us,
tonight, it's the
River Styx, the
river between
life and death.



≥pant≤

...almost...

≥pant≤

...deep
enough...

...I can't
help you
dig, Juggie.

Hot Dog's
yours, he
belongs to
you.

Each
buries his
own.





No need.
There
are rules,
niece.

You
disobeyed
us and
broke the
covenant.

Witch-Law
demands *swift*
punishment.

A relinquish-
ment of your
powers--

"--followed by
immediate
banishment."

POOF!!

A year of
silent reflection
and atonement in
the Nether-Realm,
away from the
mortal world, under
constant supervision,
should do it...

Please! Auntie!
You saw Jughead!
I needed to--



No, no more
talking. You must
learn consequences,
Sabrina.

POOF!

...mmm-
mmm...

I know a
year seems
like an *awfully*
long time, little
Ms. Raise-the-
dead, but
in truth...

...you won't
miss any-
thing.

THE NEXT MORNING.
RIVERDALE HIGH.
(Less than 12 hours
to first contagion.)

RIVERDALE HIGH SCHOOL

"This is really
important,
Archie..."

...vis-à-vis the
Halloween Dance.
Do you want me to
dress as Sexy
Witch or Sexy
Gypsy? There's
a major
difference.

Uh, either?
Both sound
cool...

Yes, but if I'm
a Sexy Witch, I
wear a pointy
hat.

If I'm a
Sexy Gypsy,
I wear--

--basically
what you wear
every day?

...
Did Hades just
freeze over? Since
when does America's
Sweetheart Betty
Cooper crack semi-
risqué jokes?

Since she caught
her "best friend"
stabbing her in the
back. We flipped
for him, Veronica.

Archie and I
are going to the
Halloween Dance
together.

Which
Hitchcock
blonde do you
want me to be,
Archie? Janet
Leigh from
"Psycho" or
Tippi Hedren
from "The
Birds"?

Uhn...

No offense,
Betty dear, but
I doubt you could
pull off either.

All I'd need,
however, is a
bottle of
peroxide.

Oh-oh,
I also have
a Sexy French
Maid costume,
Archiekins,
though does
anyone want
to see moi
dressed as
a member of
the serving
class?

PE. CLASS.
(Ten hours to
contagion.)

Reggie--
Dude-- you
gotta help
me--

Veronica wants
to dress up as a
Sexy Something for
Halloween, which is
awesome, and Betty
wants to dress as...
actually, I have *no*
clue what she was
talking about, but
I obviously can't
take *both* to the
dance, so I was
thinking...

...uh,
Reggie?
What's
up?

You
okay?

Yeah,
Arch.
It was
just...

"...just a *super-rough* night."

SCRUB
SCRUB
SCRUB

Yeah, that
crazy storm
kept me up,
too.

You--
you
haven't
talked to
Jughead,
have
you?

Not today.
I texted him a
few times last
night 'cause
there was a new
"Man Vs. Food"
on the Travel
Channel...

"...why,
did something
happen?"

SKREEEE

"N-no, just
curious..."

LUNCHTIME.



"...but I don't want you worrying. That dog of yours is *always* running off, and somehow...

"...he *always* finds his way back."

THAT NIGHT.

Gaggle

"...but I don't want you worrying. That dog of yours is *always* running off, and somehow...

"...he *always* finds his way back."

THAT NIGHT.

Gaggle

"...but I don't want you worrying. That dog of yours is *always* running off, and somehow...

"...he *always* finds his way back."

THAT NIGHT.

Gaggle

[illegible]

Is that you?

Hot Dog! Hot Dog, it's me, Jughead!

GgggEEEErrrrh

Is that you?

Hot Dog! Hot Dog, it's me, Jughead!

GgggEEEErrrrh



THE NEXT DAY.
(Eight hours
after first
contagion.)

Hot
Dog...?

--he won't come
out of his room,
he hasn't eaten
in hours, his
dad and I are
worried sick.

It's cool,
Mrs. Jones.
I'll talk to
him...

"...make sure he's--"

Good grief,
Jug, you look
awful.

...thanks,
pal, I--

≥koff!≤
≥koff!≤

...I
appreciate
that...

What is
it, the
flu?

≥heh≤ Yeah,
the super-
flu...

Don't
get too
close...

Should I
call Doc
Walker?

What
I've got,
Arch...

"...no doctor's
gonna help me..."



It just bites that you're gonna miss the dance.

Big Ethel's gonna be devastated...

She'll ...she'll live...

Hey, by the way, is Hot Dog sick, too?



What do you mean?!



Huh? Oh, nothing, just--usually when I visit, he's jumping all over me, slobbering, but today, coming up the walk...



...I heard him under the porch, but he didn't come out to say Hi, not even when I--

-- leave him alone, Archie!

No matter what, don't mess with him...



...and make sure my Mom and Dad leave him alone, too.

...I...I'll coax him out later, okay?

Sure, Bud, wh-whatever you want...

TIME TO GO.

Hey,
man...

Even though
Betty and Veronica
would *slaughter* me...what
if I skip the dance, come
back here, we order
some pies from Vito's,
and watch the "Creature
Feature" marathon on
AMC? Like old
times?

You...
you're a
friend to
the end,
Arch...

THE GYM.

"...but, nah, go to
the dance, have the
time of your life..."

"...say Hi to everyone
for me, even Big Ethel. Tell
her she's awesome..."

"...and I'll see you later, hopefully."

Well, well,
well. Look who
decided to
grace us with
his presence.

Honey,
why are
you up?

Did you
decide to go
to the dance
after all?

Meertrik

MEANWHILE...

Nice costume,
Archiekins...

...are you
padded?

Veronica,
you're
crazy.

What
happened
to Sexy
Witch?

Nothing
Happened--

--Veronica simply
decided to embrace
her inner blood-
sucker.

But
don't worry,
Archie-poo,
Nurse Betty'll
give you a
transfusion.

Nurse Betty?
Or Florence
Nightinglag?

For a creature
that's supposed
to be *ageless*,
Vampironica,
you're looking
incredibly
old and
haggard.

...Ohh-kay,
if you're
gonna start
this jam
again...

...I'm
gonna
fake a
punch-
break...

"...check-in with my bro's."

Reg!

--"Dream Warriors"
and "New Nightmare"
are the only sequels you
can take seriously. The rest
are...we-ell, garbage is
too strong a word,
but...

...I hear you.
In terms of
"Halloween", I
think you've got
"Halloween" and
"Halloween 2",
which are
basically one
epic movie, and
then
"Halloween
H2O"...

"On a crisp, cool
autumn night
like tonight..."

OUTSIDE THE GYM.

CHAPERONES
ON A BREAK.

...what
wouldn't you
give to be
these kids'
age again,
Geraldine?

Nothing,
Waldo. I'm relishing
my golden years,
thank you very
much.

Come, now.
Remember that
one Halloween...

"...we snuck into Cypress
Cemetery, just the two of us,
you were so, so frightened..."

They're coming
to get you,
Geraldine--

Stow
it, you
jerk!

"They're
coming to get
you, Geraldine!
Look, there's
one now--"

Stop it,
Waldo!
I am not
amused!

tee-hee
Why, Miss
Grundy,
you're still
afraid.

And you're
as ignorant
about women
now as you
were forty
years ago.

hee-hee

All right,
settle down, my
dear, there's
nothing to be
scared of...

...it's merely one
of the perennial
thorns in my side.

Good
evening,
Mr. Jones,
enjoying the
night air?



WALDO--?!

"...seriously,
Reg, what's
your
problem?"

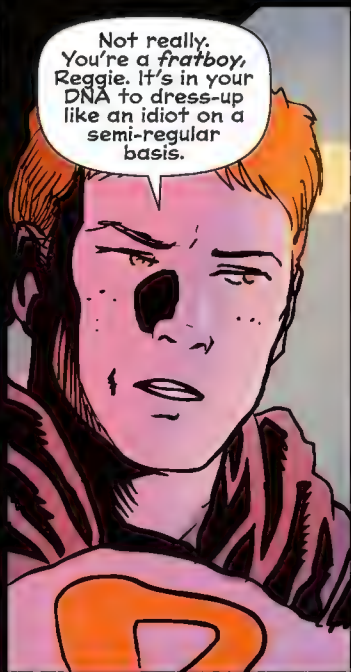


What do
you mean,
Arch?

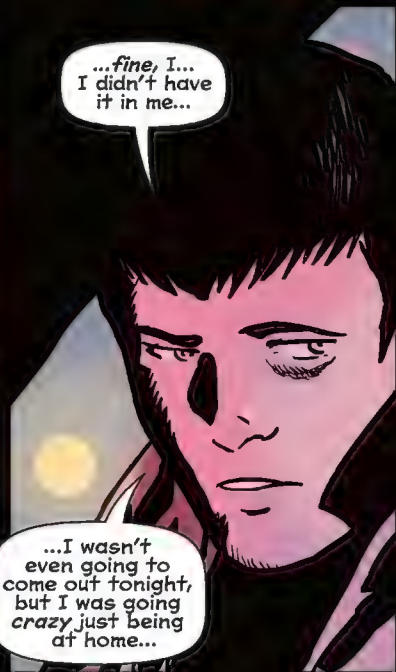
For
starters,
why aren't
you in
costume?

'Cause
I'm hoping
to make a
love
connection
tonight...

...and I
don't wanna
look like an
idiot--
satisfied?



Not really.
You're a fratboy,
Reggie. It's in your
DNA to dress-up
like an idiot on a
semi-regular
basis.



...fine, I...
I didn't have
it in me...

...I wasn't
even going to
come out tonight,
but I was going
crazy just being
at home...



Okay,
now I *know*
something's
wrong.

Halloween's your
favorite night of the
year, Reg, 'cause you get
to trash mailboxes, steal
candy from little kids--
what gives?

We're
buds, you
can tell
me...



...I...I did something, Arch. Something terrible...

You're Reggie Mantle, you're *always* doing something terrible.

No, I mean, like, *fully* next level terrible...



"...I was at Pop's with Midge, it was *completely* innocent..."

"But there was this whole thing with Moose..."



"...anyway, I was *pretty* messed-up when I was driving home, and...and..."



...I was cresting the hill near Jughead's house when--

--Jughead!



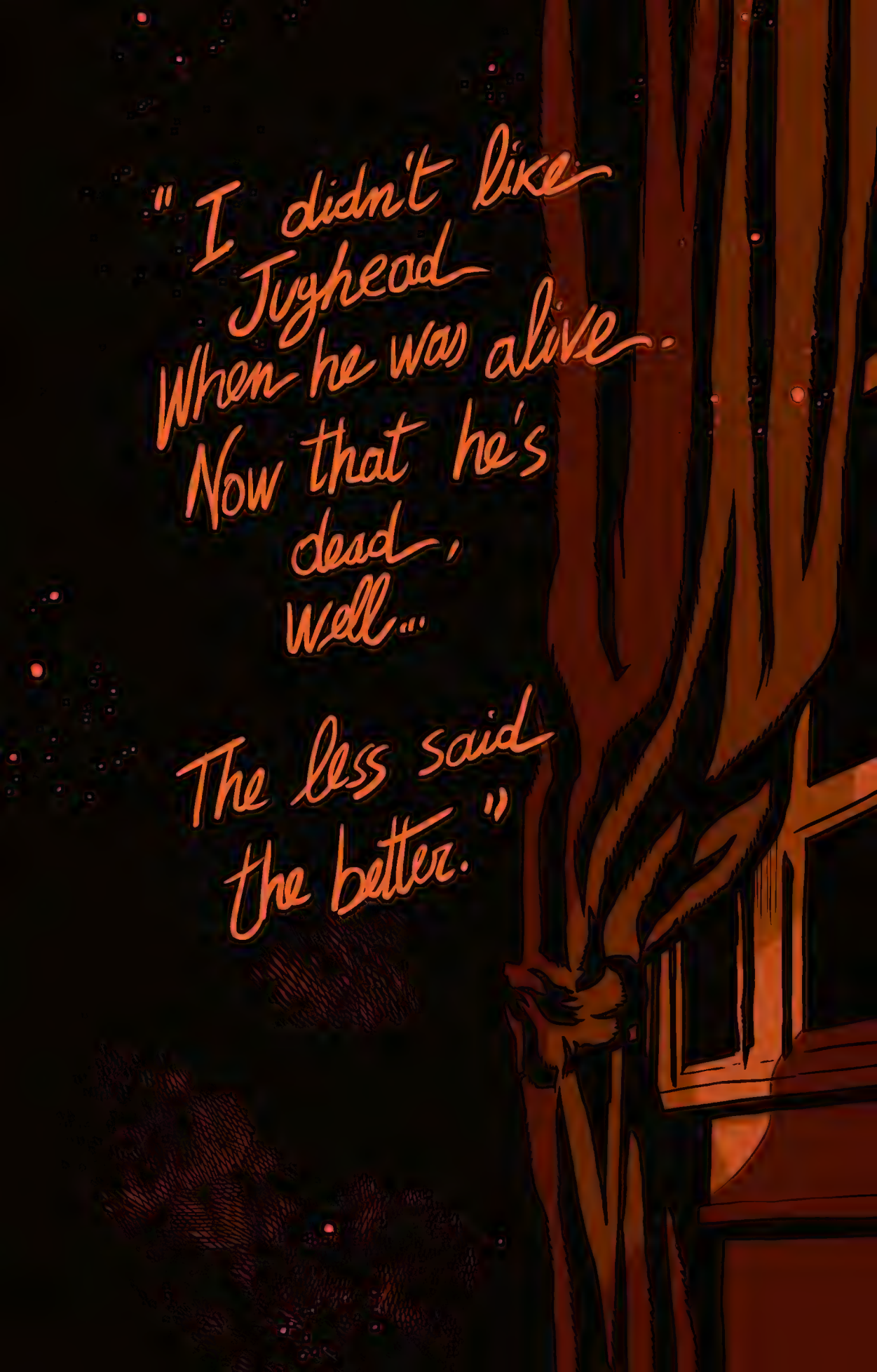
Hey, everyone! Jughead's here!

A stylized illustration of a character with a crown and a large, jagged, yellow-green sound effect or text element above them. The character has dark hair and a crown with a cross. The background is dark with orange and white geometric shapes.

...and,
holy *spit*,
his costume's
amazing!

10:15 P.M.
RIVERDALE.
(Full contagion
imminent.)

R. AGUIRRE-SACASA
F. FRANCAVILA '13



"I didn't like
Jughead
When he was alive.
Now that he's
dead,
Well..."

The less said
the better."

prologue

OUTSIDE RIVERDALE HIGH.

JASON AND
CHERYL
BLOSSOM.

--can't
believe we're
crashing a
townie dance.

What would
our compatriots
at Pembroke
say?

We're not
crashing, we're
infiltrating--
with a very
specific agenda.
Or have you
forgotten?

~sigh~
Destroy
Betty.
Destroy
Veronica.
Create
chaos,
create
mayhem...

~yawn~
You see?
Already I'm
bored...

Don't forget,
"Claim Archie
as my prize."

If you're
trying to
make me
jealous,
Cheryl,
bad idea.

Settle
down, Jase.
Think of me
as a cat and
Archie
Andrews as
a ball of
orange
yarn...

...a plaything,
a passing
fancy--at best,
a friend...

Whereas
you, brother
dear...

...you
are my
family...

...and
therefore,
forever...



...so turn that frown upside-down, and let's wreak some havoc, 'kay?

For you, Sis, any--



Don't go in there!!



...
How dare you speak to us, Plebe?

Why shouldn't we? Terrible music? Non-alcoholic punch?



--something weird's going on in there--

--they're, like, eating people--



--seriously, this junior bit me for, like, no reason--

--I gotta go--I gotta get home--



Well, at least now I'm interested.

Shall we proceed?

...



end ~~~~~ prologue.

THE LODGE MANSION.

12:30 A.M.



"...we were all at the dance, having the loveliest time..."



"...and holy spit, his costume's amazing!"

--I barely gave it a second thought.

Earlier, someone tweeted something about Jughead being sick, but what did I care if he turned up?

"Ethel Muggs, on the other hand, was thrilled..."

Juggie-- You made it!

...I wasn't friends with Ethel... when we passed each other in the hall, we'd nod, that's it...

"...still, I wouldn't wish what happened to her on my worst enemy..."

mmMMeerrrrhh

--you look incredible, baby, what kind of make-up is that?

"...not even on Jughead Jones himself."



That's when he did it, Daddy...

"...that's when Jughead bit Ethel..."



"...it didn't seem real, at first. It was like a scene from some asinine horror movie..."

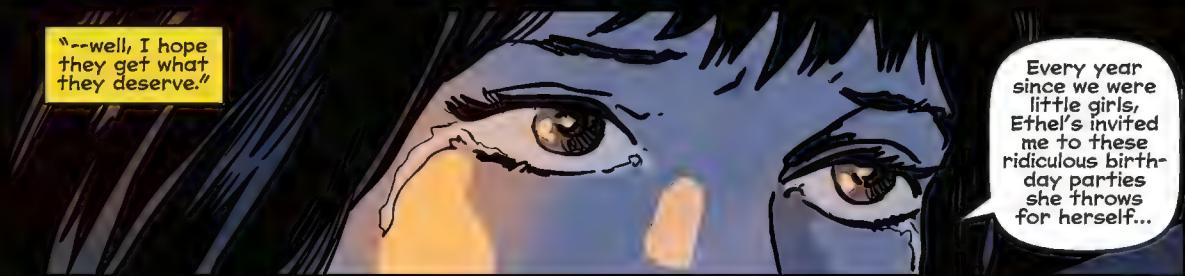


"I...I think that's why people started laughing..."

What's your problem, Veronica?

What, you wet blanket? It's funny.

It's sick, you hag. It's a sick joke, and anyone who thinks otherwise--



"--well, I hope they get what they deserve."

Every year since we were little girls, Ethel's invited me to these ridiculous birthday parties she throws for herself...



... just once, I wish you'd made me go, Daddy...

Of course it would be my fault, somehow.

...I'd feel less guilty about those thirty seconds...

"...those terrible thirty seconds
while Jughead Jones *ate* Ethel Muggs
right in front of us, and no one did
anything but *stare*..."



interlude







We're having burgers at Pop's, Ginger. That hardly qualifies as "sneaking"--

--you know what I mean.

I'm done playing "Brokeback Riverdale" with you.



Mi Mami and Papi raised me to be proud of who I am, Nancy. A smart, sassy Latina with fierce highlights...



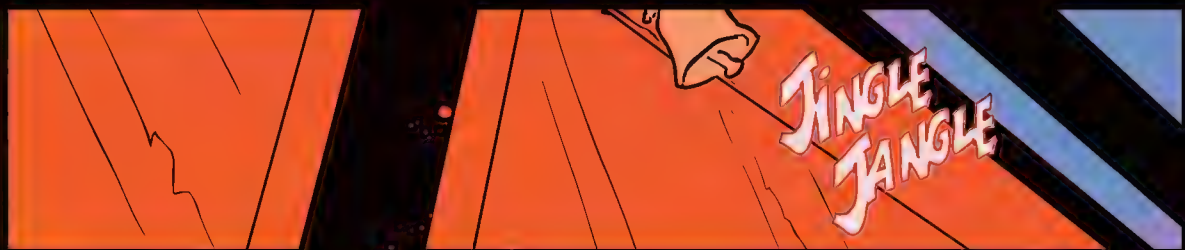
...this--not what we're doing, but how we're doing it--makes me feel ashamed...

If Kevin can be honest about himself, so can we...



Are you seriously comparing us to Kevin? Look in the mirror, Ginger. We're *nothing* like him, on any level...

I can't help it, I'm scared, okay?





end interlude.

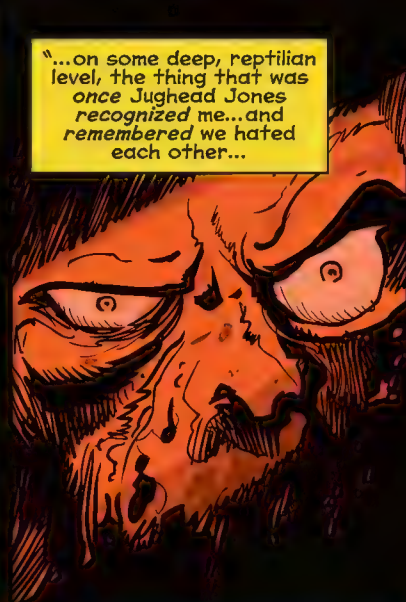




"...then, he looked up at me, and stared right at me..."



"...and as crazy as it sounds, Daddy, I swear..."



"...on some deep, reptilian level, the thing that was once Jughead Jones recognized me...and remembered we hated each other..."



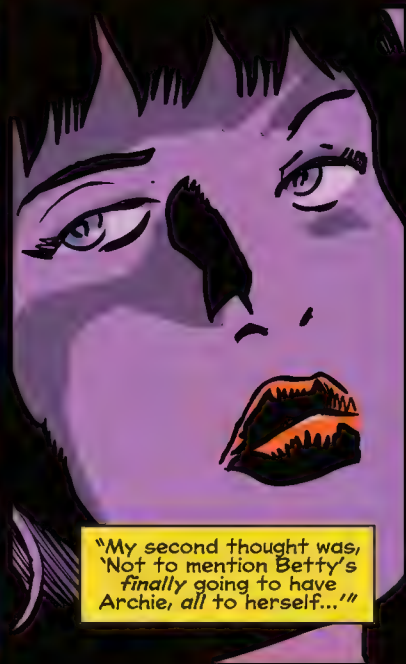
"...and started running towards me, faster than I'd ever seen Jughead move while he was alive..."



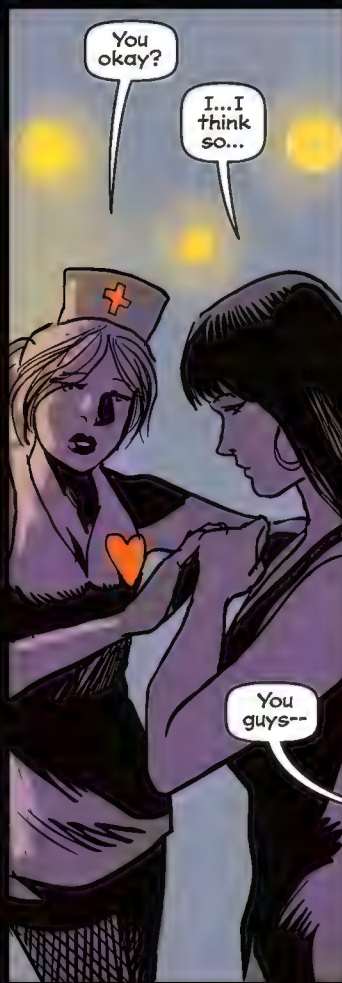
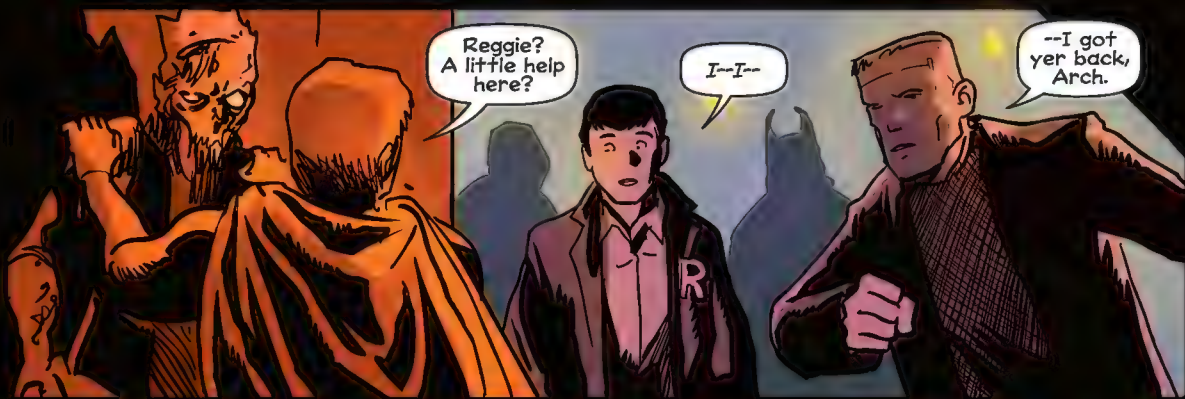
"I was paralyzed. My first thought was, 'Wow, so *this* is how I die..."



"...at a dance, eaten by my arch-nemesis Jughead, how pathetic..."



"My second thought was, 'Not to mention Betty's finally going to have Archie, all to herself..."



Of course,
holier-than-thou
Betty leapt into
action...

"...you know, any opportunity
for that do-gooder to show the
rest of us how incompetent we
are in a crisis--"

Everyone,
out of my
way--

Someone, call
911 and have
them send an
ambulance--

Veronica,
find a
chaperone--

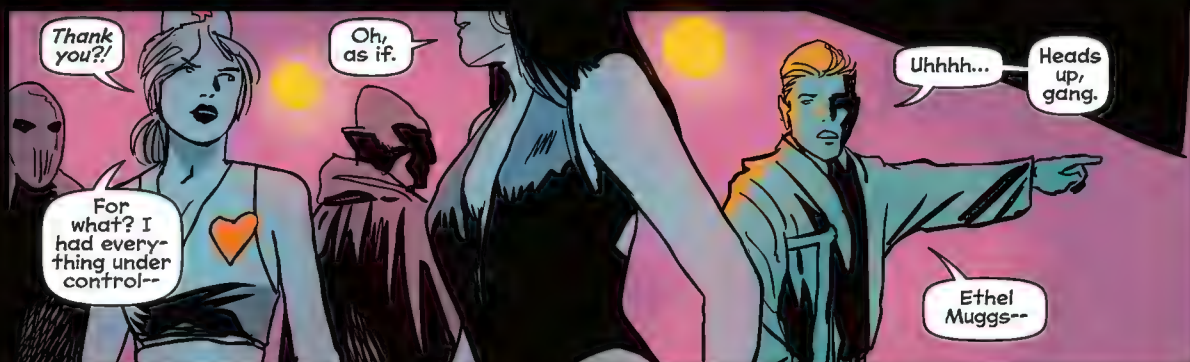
--and bring
me a first-aid
kit, will you?

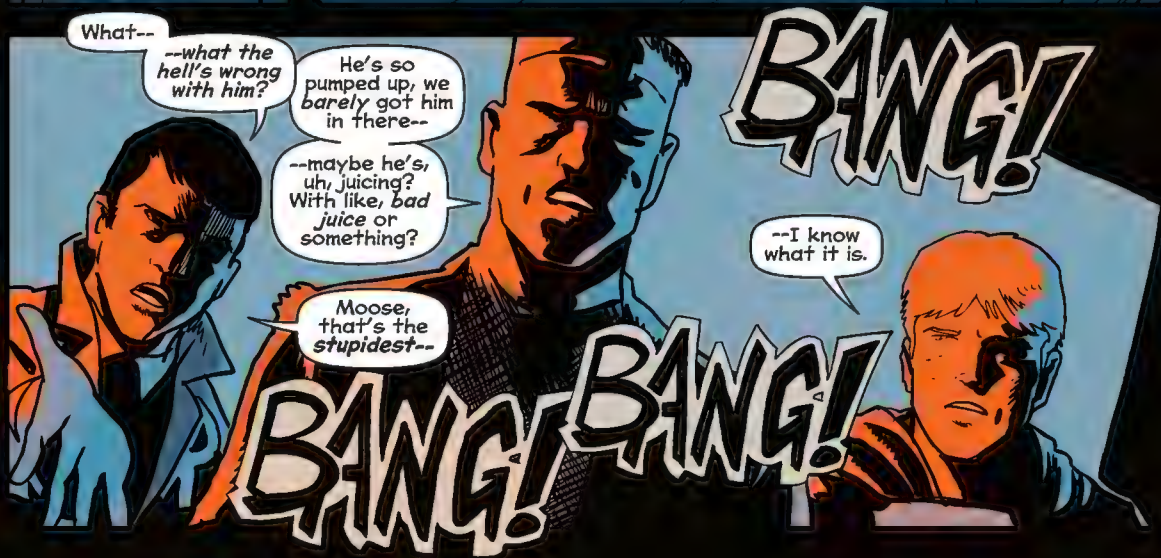
Ethel?
Ethel, hang in
there--

We're getting
you some help,
you're gonnd
be--

RRRRRR
GHHH!







When I went to visit Jughead earlier today 'cause he was sick--

--Hot Dog was, too. Sick as a, well--dog...

What are you talking about? Hot Dog was--alive?

BANG!

That--that can't be... That's--impossible...

BANG!

Reggie, I heard him, under the porch. He was, like, suffering.

And Juggie warned me to stay away from him.

We-ell, given what's going on with Jughead, I think it's 'cause he had rabies.

I think Hot Dog has rabies...and bit Jughead...and gave him rabies, and that's what we're dealing with--

How come?

BANG!
BANG!

--it's not rabies.

It's a zombie apocalypse.

Jughead, Ethel, Weatherbee, Ms. Grundy, they're all infected--

--and eating people.

Don't ask questions, just accept it.







"Behind us, we heard screams coming from the gym, wafting along the night-wind..."



"Archie wanted to go back--I could see it in his eyes--to, to help, to do something, anything..."

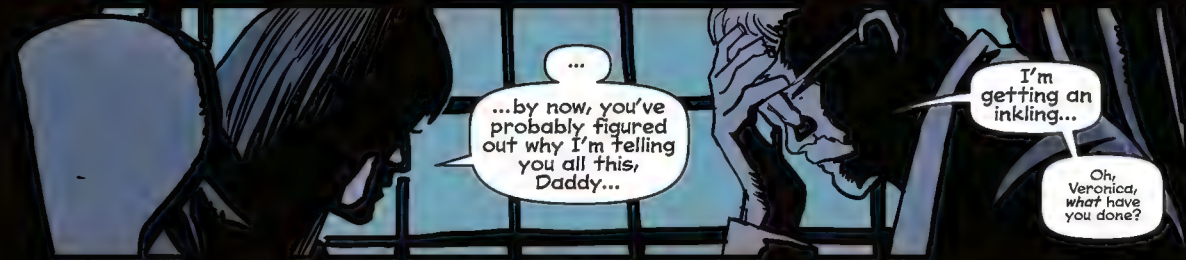


"...but I think for me...or maybe it was for Betty... or maybe it was for both of our safety..."



"...he didn't, he kept our group pushing forward, kept us running..."

Stay together, everyone--
--we gotta get through these woods--



...
...by now, you've probably figured out why I'm telling you all this, Daddy...

I'm getting an inkling...

Oh, Veronica, what have you done?



You need to come with me into the Main Hall, Daddy, and please...

...don't lose your temper.



Sorry to disturb you, sir.

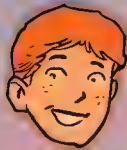
But, Mr. Lodge, I've been trying to sneak into your daughter's room for as long as I can remember, and I know what a fortress this place is...

If humanity is going to be making its last stand in Riverdale, it's gotta be here, at Lodge Manor.

R. AGUIRRE-SACASA
& FRANCAVILA '13

NEXT:

ONE OF THESE KIDS IS ALREADY INFECTED...



... **BUT WHICH ONE ?!?**



" My mom and dad
are out there,
Betty, somewhere...
... maybe hurt...
... I have to
find them."

LODGE MANOR.

I built
this
house.

And I don't mean I *paid* someone
to build it, I mean I *designed* and
built it *myself*. With my own
two hands, by God.

I came to Riverdale first--
alone--to see if it would even
be possible to relocate
Lodge Industries.

Found the tallest hill
there was, overlooking
everything else...

Yes.

...then
sent for
Hermione.

It's lovely,
Hiram, but
there's
no opera,
no ballet,
no theatre...

All a mere
train-ride
away.

Yes, but
what will I
do *here*?

Play tennis with
the other ladies who
lunch, join a book club,
start a charitable
foundation...

I *could*,
you know.

Or open a
museum with
the art we've
collected...



My love.

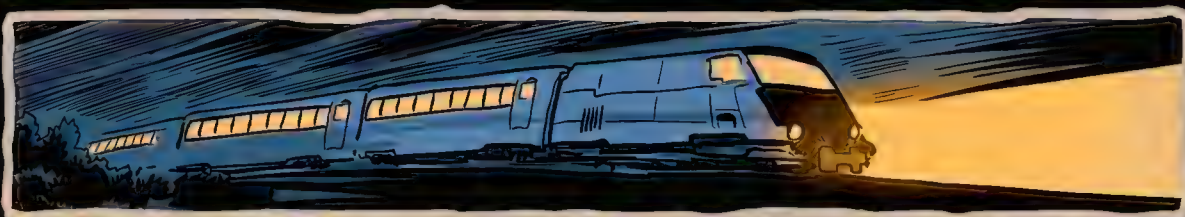
If you do this for me, I *promise* I'll build the most magnificent manor for you and our son--



Daughter.

What's this now?

Oh, yes, I just found out on the train...



"I was sitting across from the most eccentric ...spinsters, I suppose you'd call them."

You're expecting.

A girl.

"Naturally, since I haven't started to show, I was taken aback..."

I, I *am*, but my husband and I are hoping for a boy.

Not true. He is.

But you're having a girl. You can tell, plain as day.

Raven-haired. Strong-willed.



...

We-*all*, we shall see...

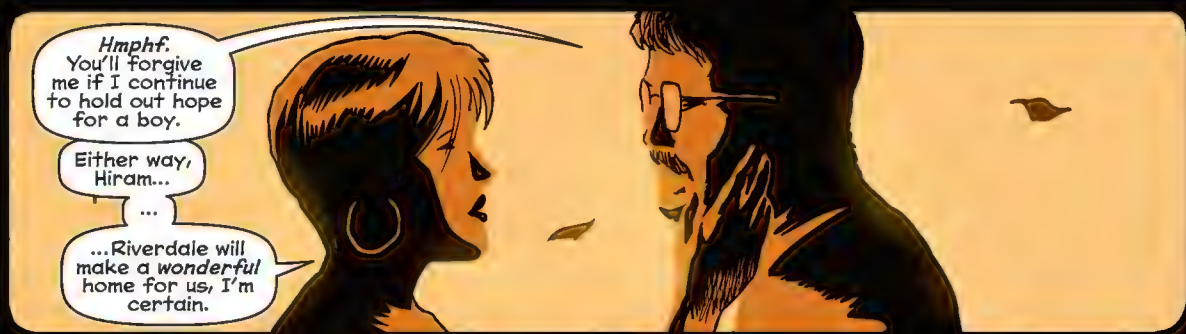


Our sister-in-law is expecting a girl, too.

We're on our way to see her. Greendale.

She doesn't believe us, either.

White-haired, that one will be.



Hmphf.
You'll forgive
me if I continue
to hold out hope
for a boy.

Either way,
Hiram...

...

...Riverdale will
make a wonderful
home for us, I'm
certain.



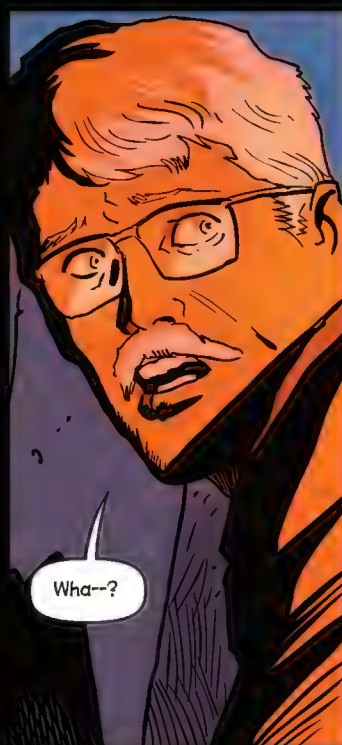
You were my
life, Hermione,
my rock...

Selfishly, I wish you and
your level head were here
now, to help guide us
through this ordeal...



But I suppose
with this madness
that's happening
beyond our gates,
it's best you
aren't alive to...
to...

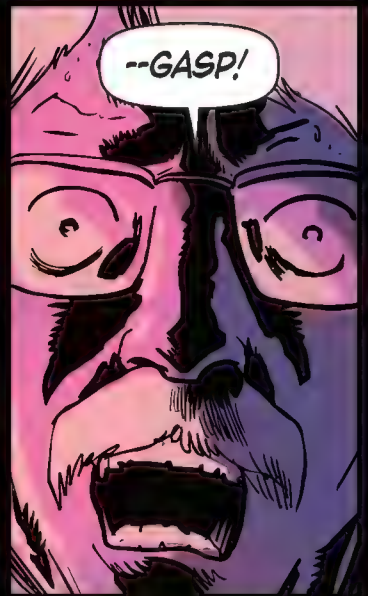
HHHHHRR...



Wha--?



...RRAM, MY LOVE...





I've just finished a sweep of the perimeter; every point of egress and ingress is intact and secure. Additionally, I've turned on all the security cameras and activated the alarms.

"Operation: Lockdown" proceeds apace.



Good. Well done.

And the rest of town?



Riverdale Water and Power is reporting massive outages. All local news broadcasts have been replaced with alerts from the EBS, asking residents within town-limits to stay indoors.

Fires on the west side, looting in the Southwest quadrant...

So far, no Lodge properties have been damaged.

Good Lord, how did it fall apart so quickly...?

And beyond Riverdale?



Sporadic reporting, mostly rumors and speculation relayed through social media, twittering and the like, though that is decreasing, with each passing hour...

Most significantly, sir: Lodge satellite intercepted a transmission sent from the White House to the National Guard...

...the words "quarantine" and "extermination" were uttered, in connection to something being described as "that situation in Riverdale."



...

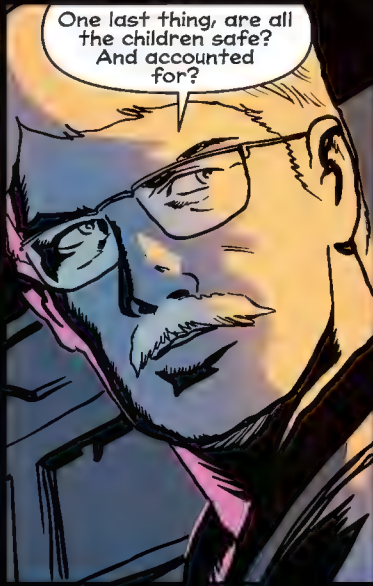


I know the President, Smithers, he's a friend, he won't do anything... foolish.

In the meantime, we wait this out. I built this place to be a fortress. So long as we keep the rest of the world at bay, we'll be fine.

And *this*-- whatever *this* is-- will sort itself out.

Of course, sir.



One last thing, are all the children safe? And accounted for?



Yes, sir.

Err--well-- that is--except for one...



Andrews.

EARLIER.

LODGE MANOR'S EAST KITCHEN.



--can't believe that grate isn't electrified or something.

It used to be.

I had Dillon hack into the Lodge mainframe and take it offline a year ago. This pantry is the security system's one blind-spot.



A year ago...

For your secret trysts with Veronica?



Yeah, exactly, we'd sit here, making-out and eating the world's most expensive cereal...

Come on, Bets. Are we really gonna have this conversation? Now?



...

Fine, let's have the "We're-safe-in-here-it's-*INSANE*-for-you-to-go-out" conversation instead.



Seriously, Archie, it's a terrible idea.

Betty, cell phones aren't working. Land-lines aren't working. We've all e-mailed our parents, no one's responded--

Someone needs to check on them--

Aren't you worried about your mom and dad?



Of course, but if there's a tornado, you wait for the tornado to pass before you go outside--

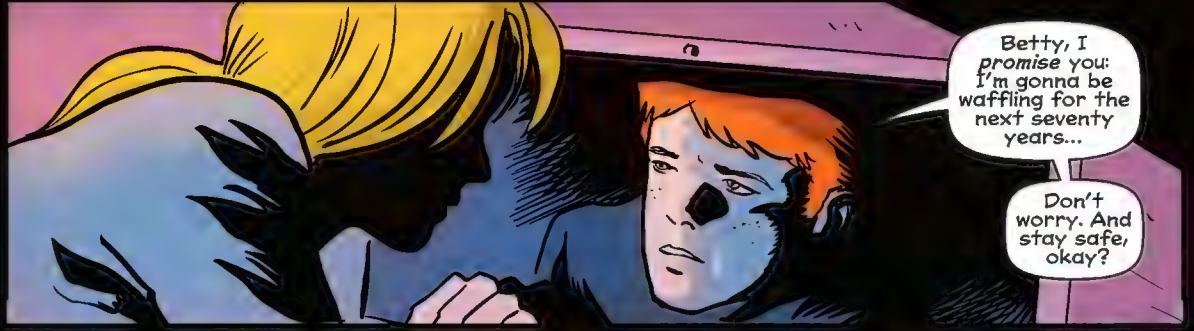
I'll be okay--

I'll get as far as I can through the sewers, then stick to sidestreets and alleyways. No one knows Riverdale better than me.



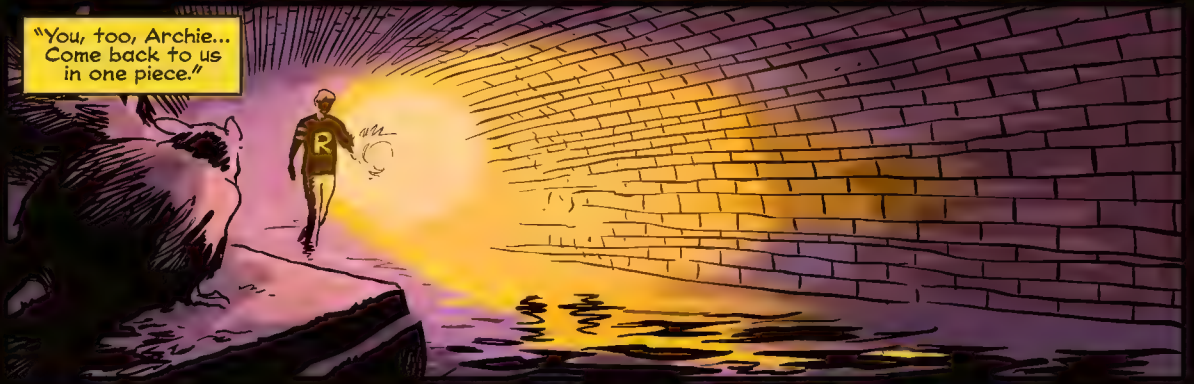
Archie, wait--before you go...

I--I won't ask which of us you like more...



Betty, I promise you: I'm gonna be waffling for the next seventy years...

Don't worry. And stay safe, okay?



"You, too, Archie... Come back to us in one piece."



Now.

LODGE MANOR'S LIBRARY.

This...

...this is unbelievable...

BETTY--

There you are--



Veronica--

Your Dad's books?

They're all first editions. You have a mint copy of "The Great Gatsby" from, like, 1925 here...



What would you have us read, Betty? Paperbacks?

"The Great Gatsby" is Daddy's favorite book. My mom gave him that copy their... their last Christmas together.



... I miss your mom.

...me, too.

Thanks, Betty.



So... uhm...

What's with the swimwear?

I'm heading to the pool, where the party and frolicking has already begun.



Is that really... appropriate? Given the--

--just because we're trapped here, doesn't mean we have to suffer and be bored.

I mean, yes, we're worried, but what better way to distract ourselves than with an End-of-the-World Pool Party?

I, I'm not sure, I think I'm just gonna read--

Boring. Gatsby dies, that's all you need to know.

It's too cold to swim--

Pool's heated, obvi.

I don't even have a suit--

And you're too big for one of mine, I understand.

Never fear, Betty, I keep an assortment of *plus-sizes* on hand for just such an emergency.

Veronica, you're not hearing me--

--you're not hearing *me*, Betty. I'm barely holding it together. I need to focus on something other than how terrified I am. Please...

...we're supposed to be BFF's.

SOON:

See? Isn't this fab?

The water does feel great...





"...but where are Moose and Midge?"

EARLIER.

--I'm freakin' out, babe. I think we should tell Mr. Lodge.

His butler was a doctor during the war or something. Maybe he can check you out--



--uh, I don't mean check you out-- at least not that way...

It's just a scratch, Moose--

I--I didn't even notice it happening...



Yeah, but if it was Jughead or Ethel that scratched you--

I have no idea how I got it, it could've been anyone--



Yeah, but if it was one of 'em, Dilton says you can catch it like poison ivy--



--no, Moose, he said the exact opposite. That it wasn't like poison ivy, that you could only catch it by being bitten or scratched--

Come on, come on, where's the Hydrogen Peroxide...



Uh, I think we're kinda sayin' the same thing...

So just to be on the safe side--

--found it!

Hold on a sec...

MOMENTS LATER...

--okay, you can relax now. Any infection and that Hydrogen Peroxide I just doused myself with would've killed it.

Look at my hand--see?



It's already looking better...

And you saw Ethel. You saw how fast she changed--

Yeah, but Jughead ate, like *half* of her. Maybe since you only got a scratch, it's taking longer to--

--Moose--baby--you probably gave me this scratch when you grabbed my hand to drag me out of the gym.

I'm fine, really.

...
You sure?

A hundred percent.

Okay... okay...

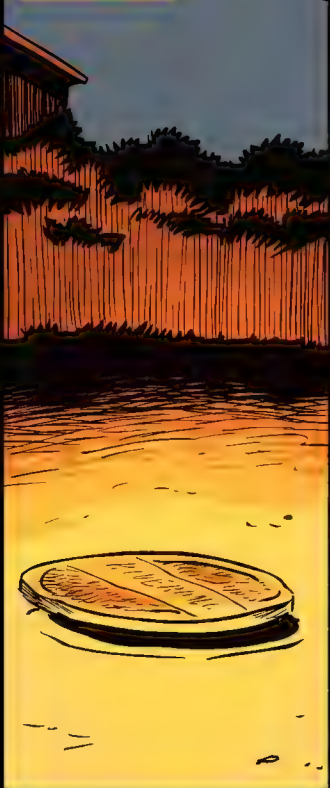
...in that case, can we go swimming with everyone?

...sure.

In a minute...



"...how...how come you're telling me now?"



"..."

"...no time like the present, right?"

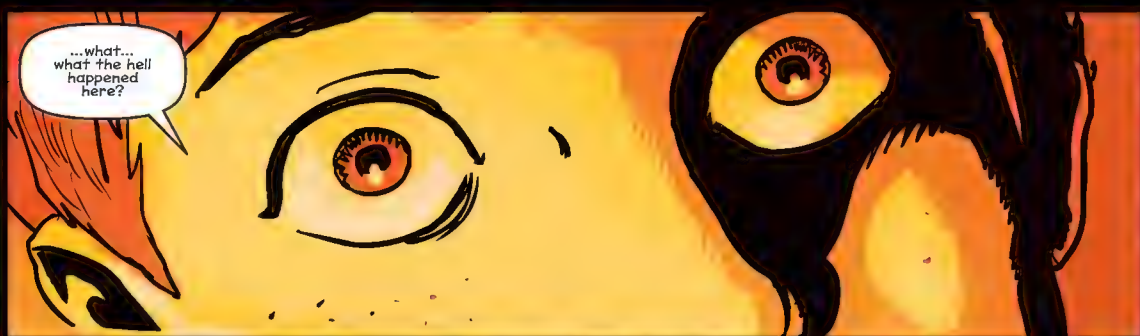


DOWNTOWN RIVERDALE.

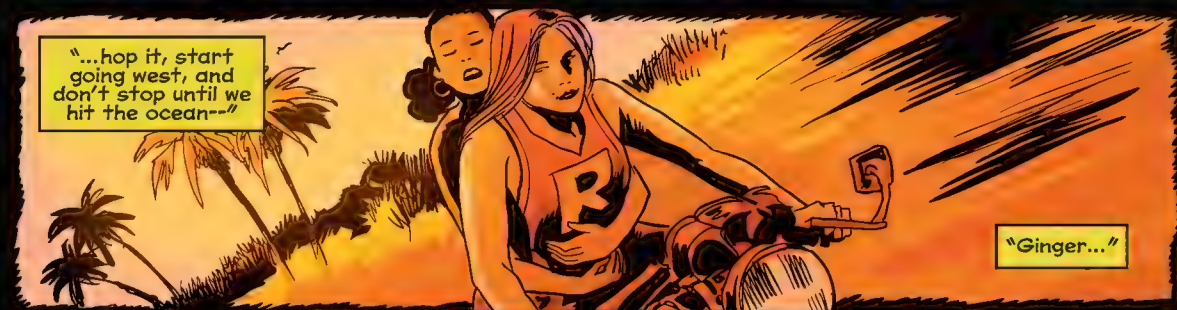
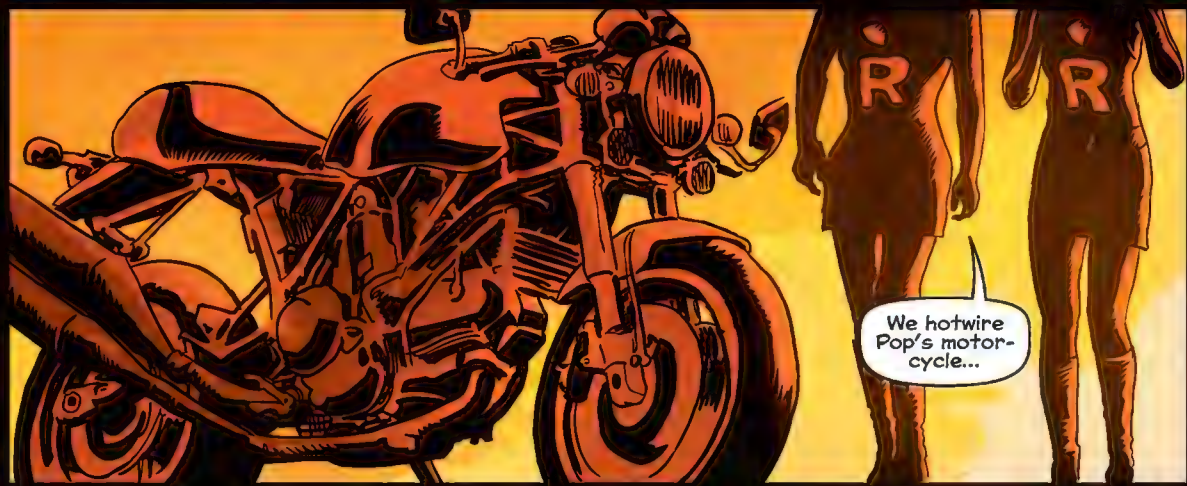
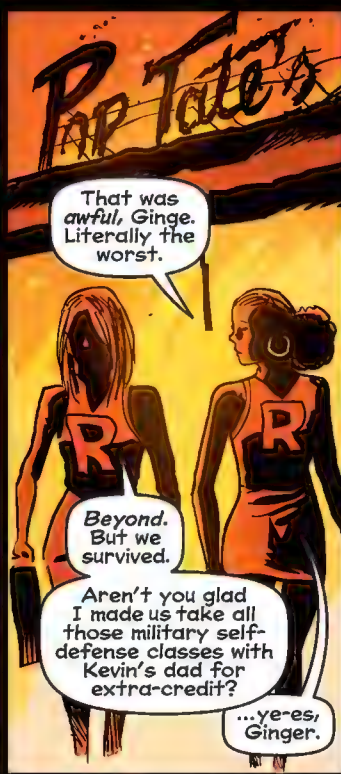
THE PRESENT.

...ho-lee crap.





earlier...





...that thing was Jughead's dad.

We live three doors down from the Jones'...



...
And mi Mami and Papi live two blocks away on Fern...



Can we check on our folks first?

Can we still hotwire Pop's motorcycle?



"See?
Isn't this
fab?"

Now:

The water
does feel
great...

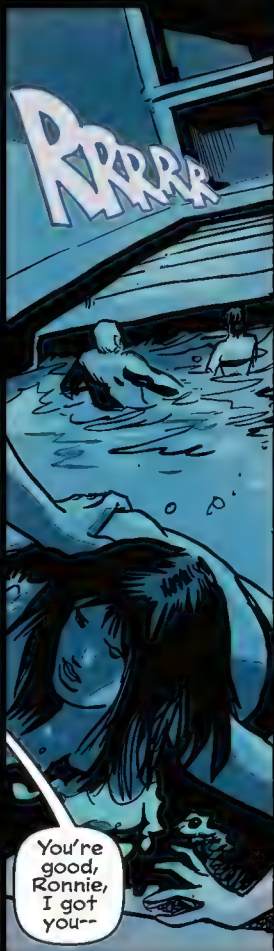
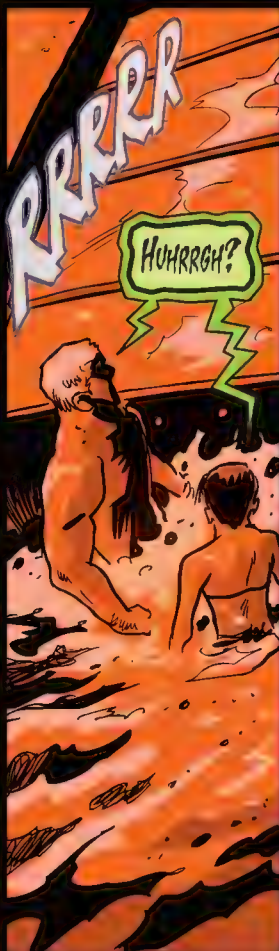
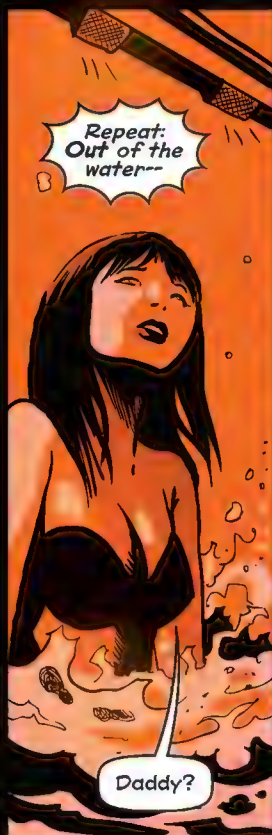
...but where
are Midge and
Moose?

Oh, being *total*
party-poopers. Hiding
up in their room, where
they've been all night,
no doubt--

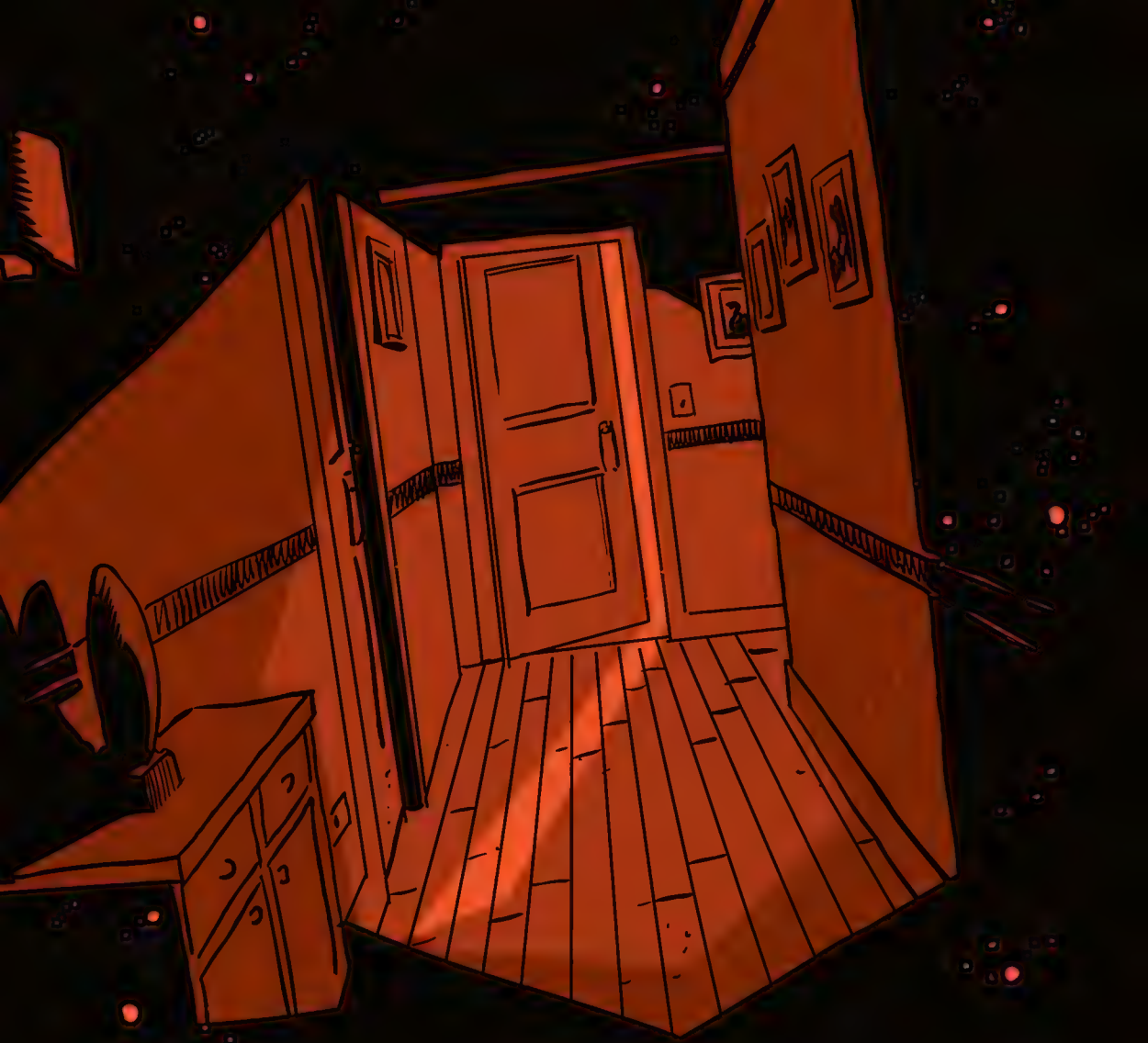
--oh, wait, I
think that's them
coming out onto the
veranda--



Okay, this
is *super*-creepy
and weird...







"Please, don't...
DON'T make me do this..."

TULIP HILL
PUPPY FARM.

10 YEARS AGO.

--sure
you're ready
for this kind of
responsibility,
Son?

Yessir.

He'll be *your* dog.
Not mine, not your mom's.
You'll have to walk him. Every
morning, every day after
school, every night before
you go to bed...

I c'n
do it,
Dad.

Uh-huh.

And if he gets sick,
you'll have to take
care of him, if he makes
a mess, you'll have to
clean it up--

--not me, not
your mother, she
does enough
cleaning...

I'm ready,
Dad. I
promise.

...
You're a good
boy, Archie, with
a good heart.

Pure as
snow. Our
son's a
pureheart,
plain and
simple.

That
he is.

All
right,
Son...





Well, Mary, looks like our household just increased by...

sniff



...Mary? You alright?

Oh--fine. He's just...

...Archie looks so happy, Fred...

And that's why you're crying?



...oh, it's silly.

...I'm just remembering the dog I had, when I was a girl. Spotty. How overjoyed I was when I got him, and how utterly devastated I was when...when...



Spotty was a good dog.

He was, and it was the most awful feeling, Fred, and I can't bear the thought of Archie going through it.



Yes, but that's years from now, Mary. And sad to say, a part of growing up.

Comes a time in every young person's life when they realize that not everything is forever...

Too, too soon...

"...when they learn
that *death's* a part
of life, even their
own."

Oh--

--oh,
crap.

RRREEHHHRRR

H-Hot
Dog...?

--what
kinda
stupid
name is
that?

It's not
stupid, I like
hot dogs!

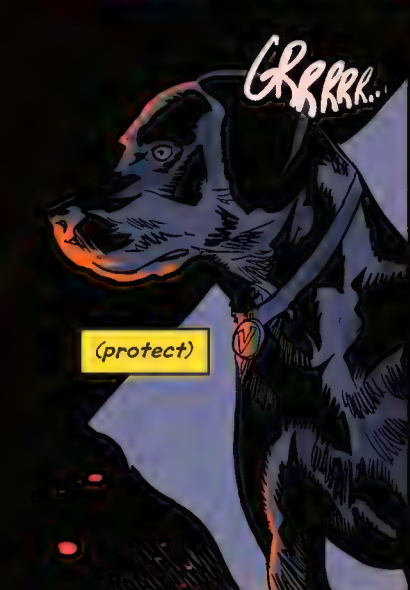
Take it
back or
we're not
pals any-
more.

Anyway, what
about your dog?
What kind of
name is--

--Vegas?



(archiemaster)



He'll be all right, Son. his tummy's upset, that's all.

And this is how it works. You take care of Vegas, when he's sick or needs help...



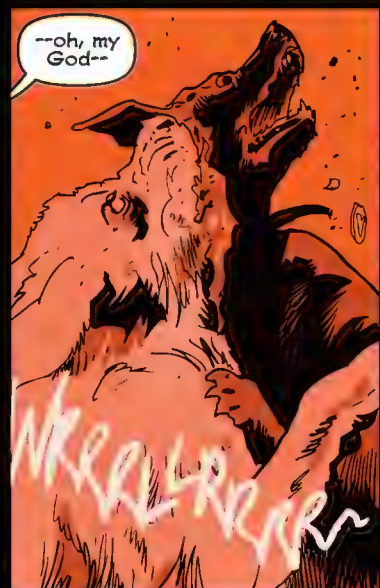
"...he'll do the same for you, without even *thinking* about it."

Vegas, boy, don't--



--VEGAS!!









Mom, thank God--

Why--

--why didn't you answer me?



... Archie? Is that you?



Oh, no--

Mom, you--

--you're in shock.



Come on, we, we gotta get outta here--

Where's Dad?

Your father...

...went downstairs, he heard scratching...



Meeruhhh

--DAD?!

Fred?

We need to move, Mom--

"--out the way I came in!"

THE PEMBROOKE
GATED COMMUNITY.

WITHIN RIVERDALE
TOWN LIMITS.

THE BLOSSOM
ANCESTRAL HOME.

Truth
or dare,
Cheryl?

THE ATTIC.

Truth, I
suppose...

Are you... for
the first time in your
life... afraid you're
gonna die?

And
remember,
Cher, I can
always tell
when you're
lying.

With Riverdale
on fire, and Mommy
and Daddy not
answering our
calls...

...yes,
Jason,
I'm very
afraid.



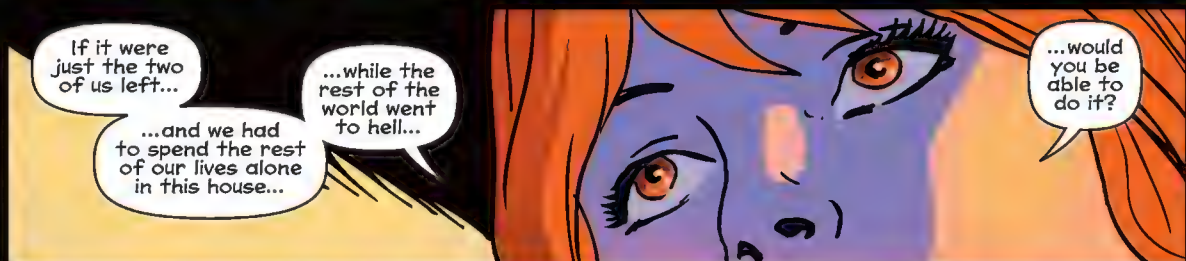
Oh,
Cher-Cher,
come to--

--my
turn,
truth or
dare?



...

Truth,
for a
change.



If it were
just the two
of us left...

...and we had
to spend the rest
of our lives alone
in this house...

...while the
rest of the
world went
to hell...

...would
you be
able to
do it?



...do it'?

In a way...
I couldn't imagine
anything more
perfect...



Two red
roses, a
matching
pair...

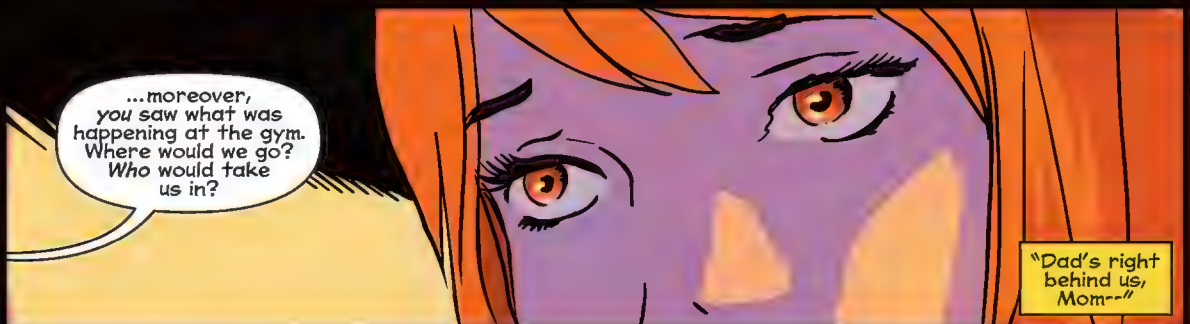


...growing up,
and growing old
together...



...with no one
to bother or
judge them...

no



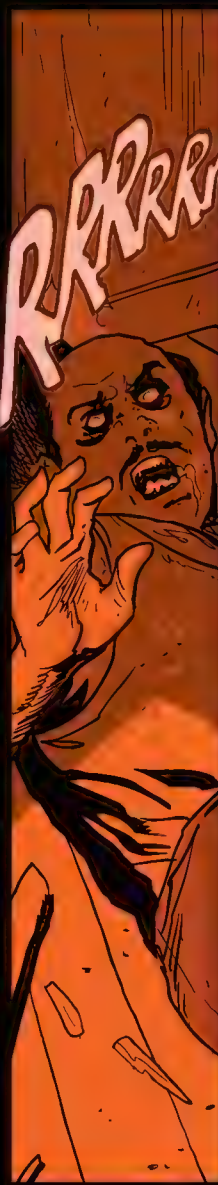
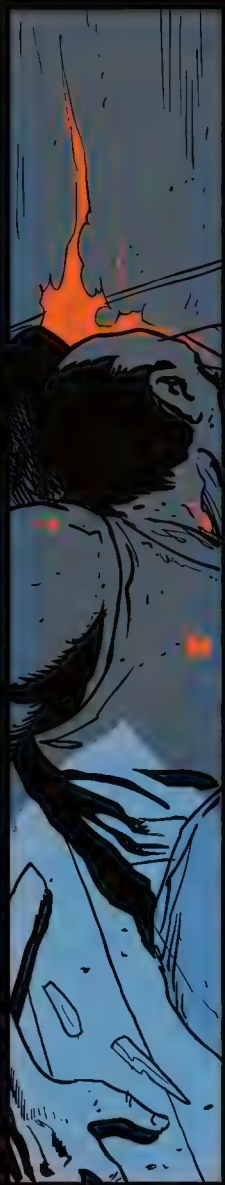
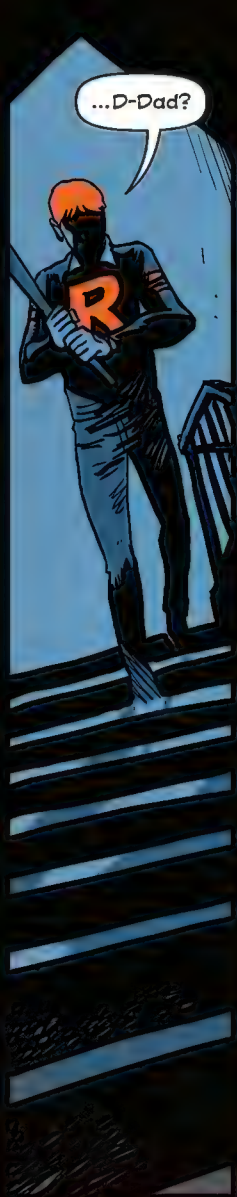


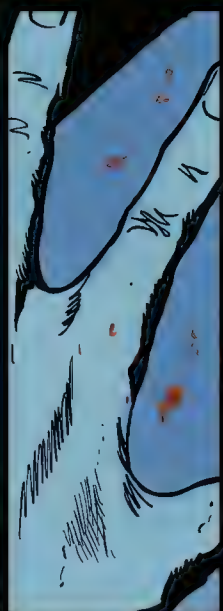
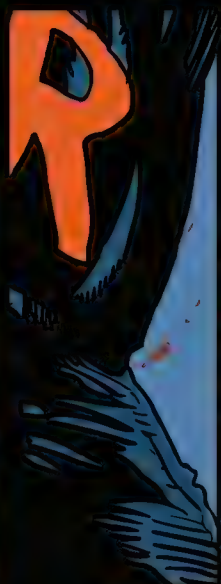
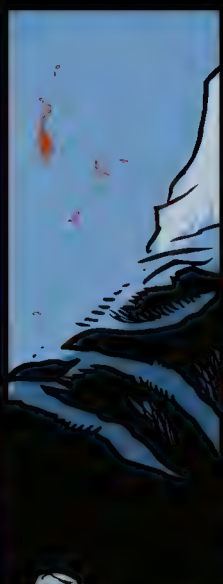
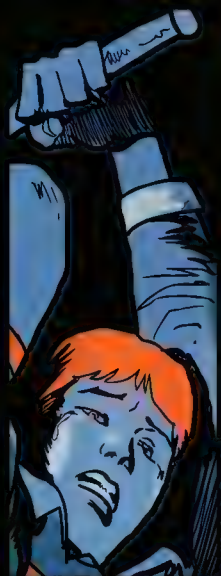




Wh-what happened, Dad? Did Hot Dog bite you?











Let me through, Archie, let me see--

No, Mom, we--we have to go--

We have to get out of here--



Is that Vegas?



(KILL! MAIM! EAT! FOOD!)



The garage--

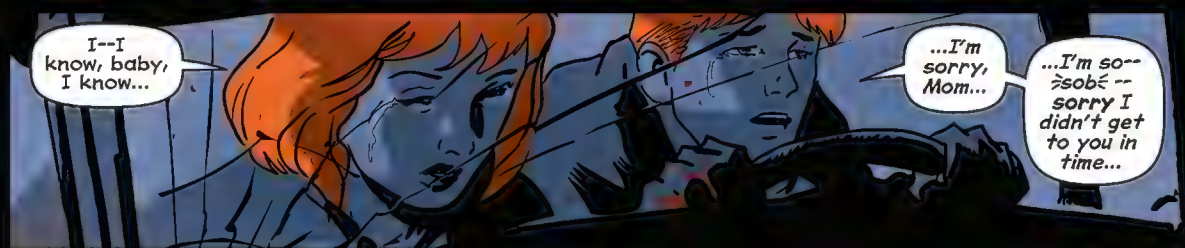
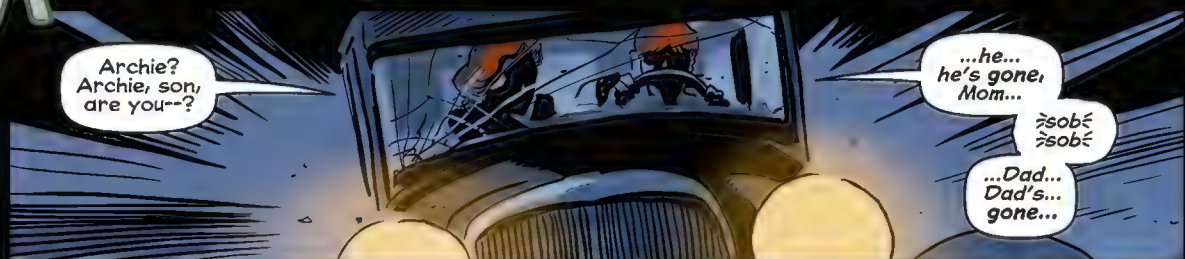
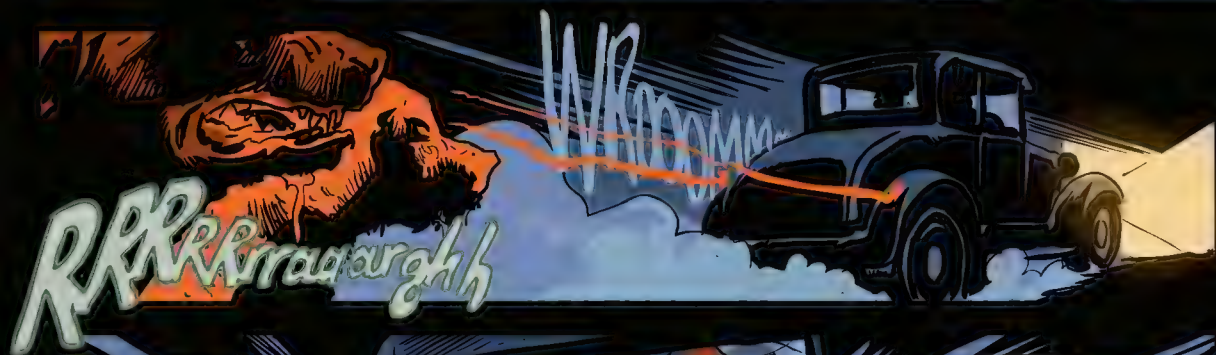


Archie--

Hurry, Mom--

Don't look back--

Keep--keep going--



epilogue



HHHHGGG

RRGGHH



RRGGHH EHHRRR GRHHHH

RRGGHH



RRHHRR
GHHRRR





"We've lived here all our lives...
and we're NEVER going
To come back, are we?"

BUTLER'S LOG

(Maintained by
Hubert H. Smithers.)

My family has served the
Lodge dynasty for more
than 70 years.

My father was valet to
Humperdink Lodge. They
fought alongside each
other in the Great War.

Now, I
serve his
son,
Hiram...

Seventy-two years,
to be precise.

...and we fight
our own war...

...and tend to
the casualties,
as best we can.

Calming
tea, Mrs.
Andrews.

I've also
prepared
some
cucumber
sand-
wiches.

My father trained me well.

Anticipate *everything*, Hubert. Where your employer goes, *you* go. You are but an extension of his will.

Above all else, *never* contradict him in public--

--is that clear?

Yes, Father.

We live in this house, but we are not of this house--do you understand?

Yes, Sir.

Be indispensable--and be invisible.

See everything--but only *be seen* when you're needed.

And always, Hubert--be discrete.

I learned those early lessons well.

I buried my father in a corner of Pickens Graveyard.

I didn't presume to ask Mr. Lodge if we could inter him on the grounds of the Manor he so dearly loved, because, well...

"...we live in this house, but we are not of this house."

When Hermione Lodge went into labor, six weeks before she was due, while Hiram was away on...*personal* business...

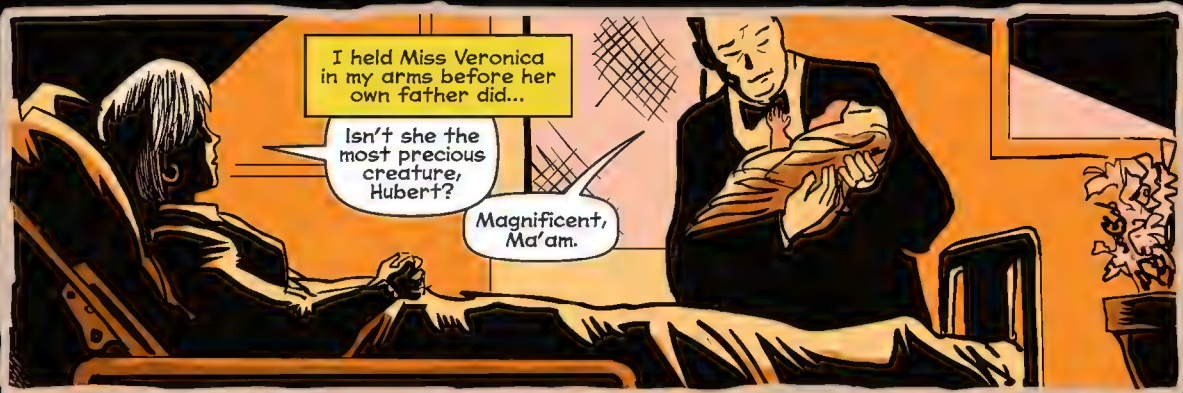
...I escorted her to the hospital.

My bag, Smithers--

Already in the car, Miss.

And I've phoned Dr. Masters; they're all waiting for you.

RAS 014



I held Miss Veronica
in my arms before her
own father did...

Isn't she the
most precious
creature,
Hubert?

Magnificent,
Ma'am.



Smithers...

...you know my
husband is, let
us say...*easily*
distracted.

And that my
health...well,
my health is
somewhat
precarious.

Ma'am--

--let me finish,
Smithers.



Should anything
happen to me, before
Veronica's old enough
to take care of
herself...

...you'll look after
her, won't you?
Above all other
concerns?



...

Of course I
will, Ma'am. Above
everything else.

I was there, in the graveyard
behind the Manor, when Hiram
Lodge fell to his knees,
sobbing, *begging* his dead
wife's forgiveness for all his...
transgressions...



I was, as
my father
advised,
invisible.
But I saw
it all...

...I see,
and hear,
everything
that
happens
in this
house.

--so
relieved you
thought to
come here,
Baby...

...I've been texting you for hours,
Nancy, but my phone just kept
saying "Message Failure." Or
"Message Undeliverable."

Mine,
too.

When, when Ginger
and I rode by the
school, and saw all
those, those...things,
running around, we
were like--

--"gosh,
hopefully
Chuck's not
in that
mess..."

"... 'cause that
would really
suck."

Luckily,
though,
you
survived.

Well done,
Papi.

My first thought when all the
craziness started going down was:
"Thank God Nancy's always hated
school dances. Otherwise, she'd
be here, and it might have been
her, and not Ethel, that...
that..."

--yeah, it was a
super-fortuitous set of
circumstances that led
to me and Nancy not
being at the dance...

...I mean,
gosh, if you
wanted to,
you could maybe
even read into
that seemingly
innocuous
fact--

--Ginger...

...please...

...for me...

...stop.
Stop
it.



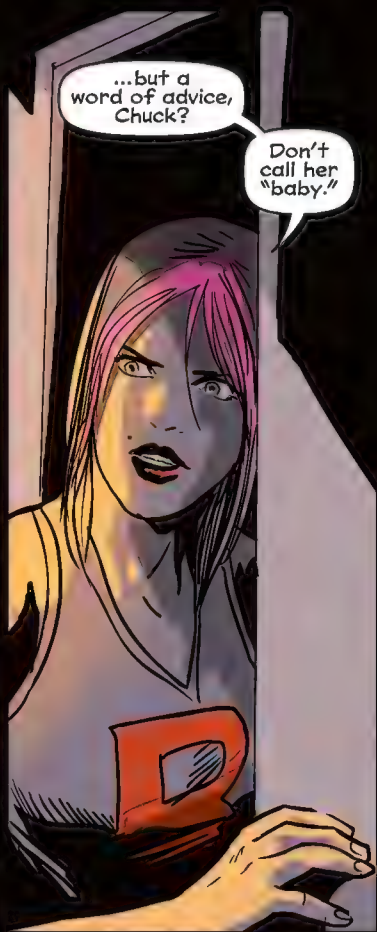
Yeah, and if you don't mind, Ginger?

An hour ago, I wasn't sure I was ever gonna hold my sweet baby in my arms again, so if you could give us a little privacy...

...right--

--s-sure--

--enjoy your reunion...



...but a word of advice, Chuck?

Don't call her "baby."



Huh?

She's not your baby, Chuck.

She's not anyone's baby.



I see things as they unfold, I make my mental notes...



...and I continue on my way.

Master Keller.

Smithers.

Oh! Hey--





"--I'm on a quest to find the game room..."

"...can you point me in the right direction?"



RrrrrrrgggHH!



...that's what you get, Midge...

...that's what you friggin' get...

Reggie?



Who--?



Keller.

I, I was just...

...Veronica said she might have some archery stuff in here, and...



...look, Reggie. I know we're not close, but of all people, I get what it's like to have feelings for someone who doesn't--or can't--like you back.



...
The hell are you talking about, Keller?



Midge. I know how you felt about her--

?!

--I mean, we *all* knew...



BACK THE HELL OFF, KELLER!

GET YOUR SICK, NASTY HANDS OFF ME!



Never do that to me again. **Ever.**

You hear me, perv?



Don't worry, Reggie--



--I WON'T!

You douche.

...my eyes on the Manor's security monitors, I take note of Mr. Keller's combat skills. He's been trained, possibly by someone in the military.

"Could be useful," I think...

...as I wonder, with growing dread, what other dramas are unfolding tonight...

--insane! You made us leave our house, come here, and now--this, Cheryl?

I see exactly what you're doing, and it won't work!

What, Jason? What am I quote/unquote doing?

--that all right with you, Four Eyes? You don't mind a roommate, do you?

...uh-uh-uh-no?

--and you, Jason, will have to make other arrangements...

...I hear Moose and Midge's room is available.

Veronica said to pick a room, I picked *this* one--

Ter--rif, so I get the bed, you get the floor--



You witch,
you're torturing
me--why?

And why
now?

Haven't you
heard, Jay-Jay?
There's a zombie
apocalypse
going on.

Which means,
everything
changes...

"...in other words,
the status quo?
C'est fini."

§...Mister
Sandman,
bring me
a dream...

§...make him
the cutest
that I've
ever seen...

§...give him
two lips,
like roses
and 1
clover...

§...then tell
him that his
lonesome
nights...

§...are... 1
oh-ver...

...

--it's okay,
Archie...

Let it
out,
it's all
right...

...oh,
God...

...Betty...

...oh, my
God...



...I, I
killed him,
Betty...

...I killed
my dad...



No--

No, Archie,
that thing
wasn't your
father...

That was...
something
else...

...I, I
could've--

--should've...
done more...



From what you told
me, you saved your
mother--

If you
could've
done
more, you
would've--

Everyone
knows that--



The fact that you even
went out to look for
our parents--

I, I didn't
find any of
them--

But
the fact
that you
tried--

You're
a hero,
Archie--



Some--
some
hero...

If the
others
saw me
like
this...

They won't,
Archie. And
I won't tell
them.

But
listen to
me...



...whenever you need
to be with someone
who's not gonna
judge you...

...who will
love you for
exactly who
you are...

...I'm here
for you,
Archie--
always...



...oh,
God, Betty,
thank you...

...you don't
know what
that means
to me...

≈choke≈



≈sob≈

≈sob≈



Miss?



He went to her,
Smithers...

After everything
that happened to him
out there, Archie went
to Betty, and not
me...



That--

~sob~

--that
says it all,
doesn't
it?

"Boundaries," my
father counseled,
time and again.

"Don't get involved,"
he warned me,
over and over...

...but he's been dead these
twenty years. And I promised
Hermione Lodge I'd look out
for her daughter's interests
above all else.

Meaning no
disrespect,
Miss--

--Archie
Andrews
doesn't
deserve
you.



...

Well,
of course not,
but what does it
matter if I love
him?



In that
case, Miss,
let me also
say...

This
war is
far from
over.

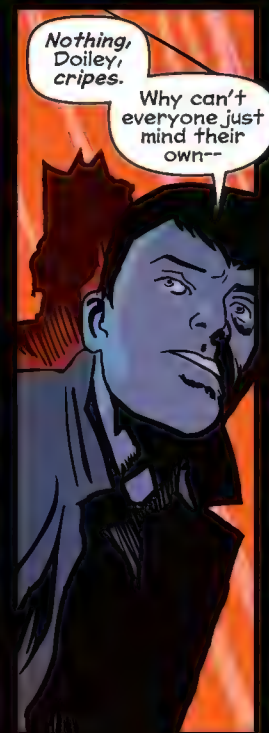
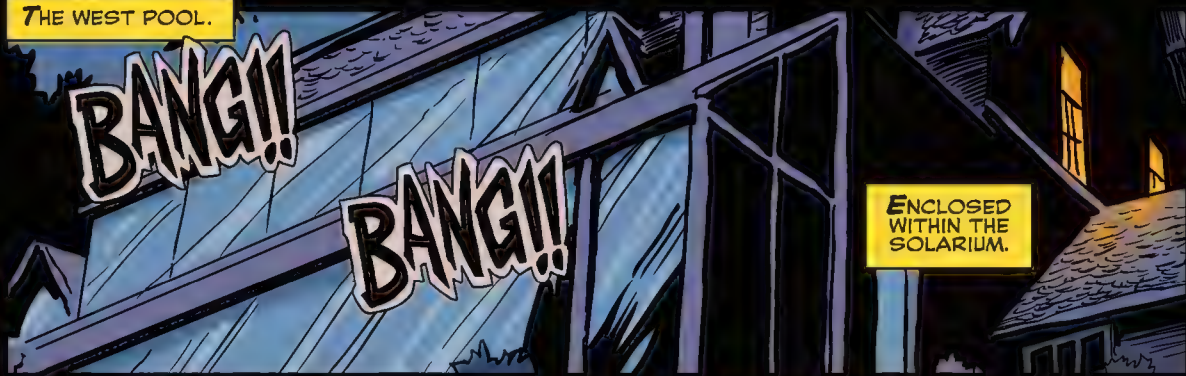


~sniff~



...

Oh,
Smithers.
You are a
godsend.





Reggie,
lemme
help--

HOLY
SHIT--

Look--
LOOK,
FOUR-
EYES--

mmmmMeerrRRHHHHhh



The
solarium's
glass *isn't*
shatter-
proof--

No duh,
why the
hell would
it be?

Archie.
We have
to tell--

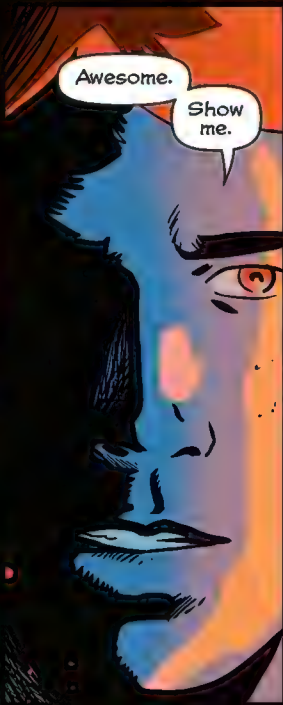
THE MANOR'S PRIVATE GYM.



--Mr. Lodge, you have cameras
all around your house's peri-
meter, right?

Of course,
Andrews.

(What a
question.)



Awesome.

Show
me.

AND SO...



Cameras 32
through 41,
Smithers.

Yes,
Sir.

Oh,
man...

"...it's bad, Gang. They've, like, *totally* surrounded us..."

"...in some places, they're three or four zombies deep. It's like they knew we were here, and amassed an army of darkness to invade..."

"...which is why I think...as crazy as it sounds..."

...we need to load up with provisions and --leave Lodge Manor.

Are you deranged, Andrews? The Manor's defenses will keep those creatures out until help arrives.

What help? Who even knows we're here? I mean, *besides* the zombies?

I was out there, Mr. Lodge. Riverdale's on fire--

If we stay put, it's only a matter of time before we're eaten or burned alive, take your pick--

There's food here, there's power--

--be logical, you dim-witted--



"Logical"--?!

My best friend's a flesh-eating ghoul! So's my friggin' dad!

I know, because I beat him--it--to death with a baseball bat!

So don't TALK to me about "logical," Old Man!

Archie--



...you'll never get him to agree, so don't even try.



Dammit, Mr. Lodge, I love this town, but I don't want to die here...

I don't want your daughter to die here...

You insolent whelp.

How dare you--?

Sir, if I might interject?



My father, as you know, fought in the war. Right before his tour-of-duty ended, he and his platoon were caught in a burned-out building, surrounded by the enemy.

My father was the smallest, fastest member of his troop...



As a last-ditch effort, he was ordered by his commanding officer to try and slip past the enemy and return with reinforcements.

By a miracle, my father made it out of that building and back to his base camp, then returned the next day with an elite squad...



...but he was too late. The enemy had rushed the building. His entire platoon, all his friends, were dead and butchered...



...
Your point,
Smithers?

I would never
contradict you,
Sir, but in *this*
case...



...I *don't* believe
reinforcements
are coming.

And, as well-
stocked as I keep
our cupboards, our
food-supply is limited.
(Only planning for
three, wasn't I?)

And I've
started to ponder,
as well, what will
happen when our
generators run out
of fuel...



Please,
Daddy...

...listen to
Archie.

...

(Damn it
to hell...)



...since they're
surrounding us,
Andrews--

--how in
God's name
would we even
get out?



That?
That's
easy--

Follow
me.



AND SO:

There's a grate in
this pantry that leads
to the sewers.

Once we're in the
tunnels, we can follow
them all the way
to--

AND SO, IN THE KITCHEN:

Once the display starts, we'll wait five minutes for them to assemble on the South side of the Manor.

Then we'll sneak out the East Wing's Delivery Entrance, since that's closest to the woods that run alongside the highway.

Yeah--

Betty, you've got my mom?

--we're on it.

Kevin, you and Ginger are on bow duty?

It's a lunatic plan...

So lunatic, it may...perhaps...work.

The first rocket should be launching in...twenty seconds, Sir.

Awesome.

Get ready, People. We move *quiet*, we move *fast*, we move as *one*.

What's your problem now? Archie not showering you with enough attention at the moment?

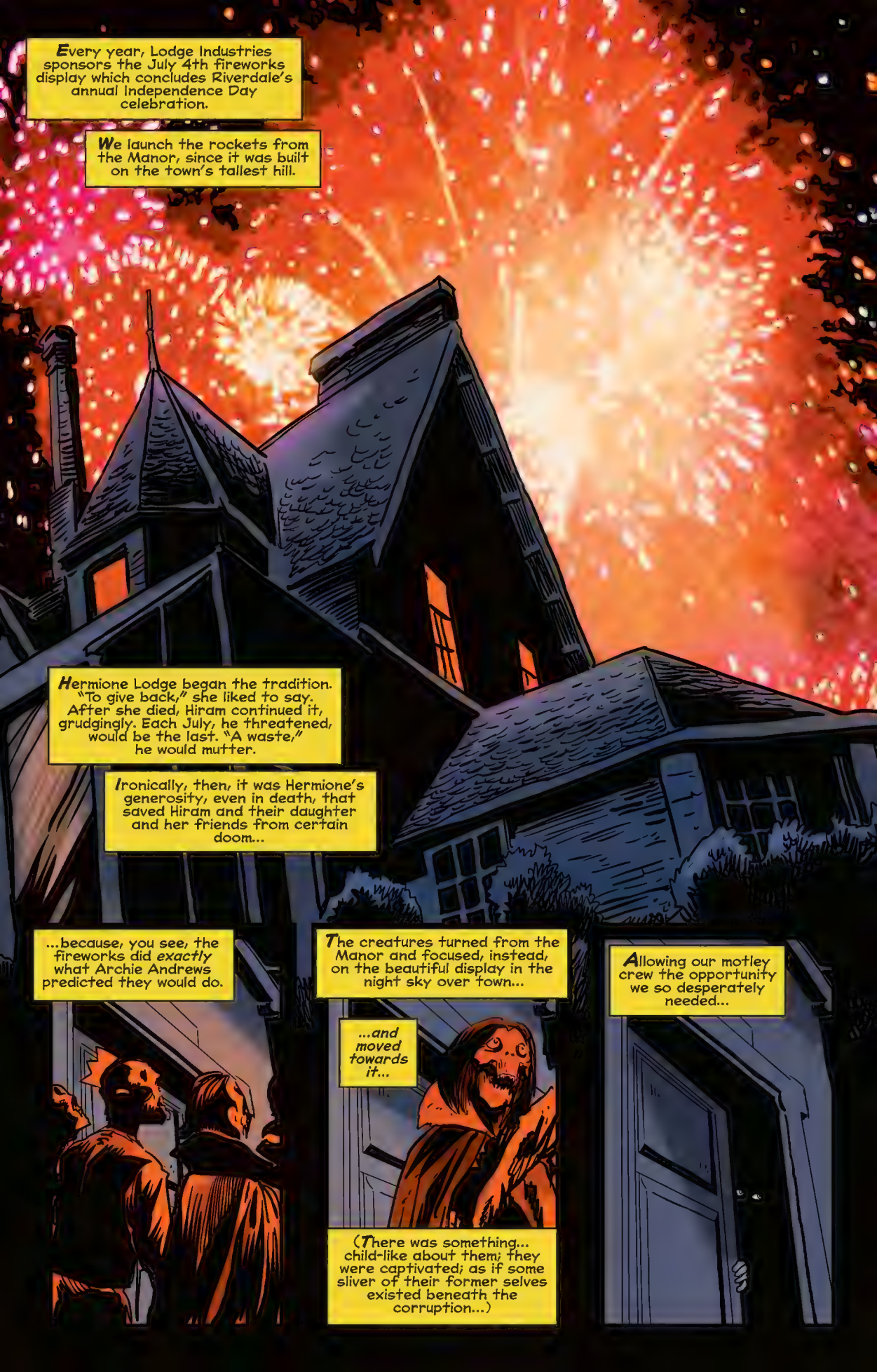
No, Veronica, those zombies in the pantry...?

Smithers?

...they were my mom and dad.

Listen.

It's begun.



Every year, Lodge Industries sponsors the July 4th fireworks display which concludes Riverdale's annual Independence Day celebration.

We launch the rockets from the Manor, since it was built on the town's tallest hill.

Hermione Lodge began the tradition. "To give back," she liked to say. After she died, Hiram continued it, grudgingly. Each July, he threatened, would be the last. "A waste," he would mutter.

Ironically, then, it was Hermione's generosity, even in death, that saved Hiram and their daughter and her friends from certain doom...

...because, you see, the fireworks did *exactly* what Archie Andrews predicted they would do.

The creatures turned from the Manor and focused, instead, on the beautiful display in the night sky over town...

Allowing our motley crew the opportunity we so desperately needed...

...and moved towards it...

(There was something... child-like about them; they were captivated; as if some sliver of their former selves existed beneath the corruption...)

...to slip out of the Manor, behind our fearless, unlikely leader, a red-headed boy who has finally, at long last, become a man before my very eyes...

We shouldn't linger, Miss.

Just a quick goodbye, Smithers.

...before plunging into Evergreen Forest...

Of course, Miss, forgive me. Take your time.

...passing through the Lodge Family Cemetery, where a young woman (I couldn't be more proud of) stopped in front of a tombstone...

...following a path that runs parallel to Route 17, straight out of Riverdale...



We had one unfortunate encounter with a straggler--

--the former Coach Kleats, I believe--



--but he was readily dispatched by a pair of well-aimed arrows.



Call it next time, Ginger Spice.

You call it, Queen Arrow.

After that, we didn't see another soul, living or possessed, until long after we'd left Riverdale, the town we all loved so dearly, behind...

WELCOME
to
RIVERDALE
America's
Drama Town



But that is another tale, for another entry...



...for another day, if we survive to see the morning.

END OF BOOK ONE.

R. AGUIRRE-SACASA
A. FRANCAVILLA '14



COVERS FROM THE DARKSIDE

It all started with a cover. Specifically, Francesco Francavilla's beautiful, scary, retro-horror variant cover to "Life with Archie" Magazine #23. Depicting Classic Archie (complete with his Riverdale "R" sweater) recoiling from Zombie Jughead, staggering amongst tombstones, Zombie Betty and Zombie Veronica not far behind. It was an instant classic. After a breakfast meeting, I told Jon Goldwater and his son Jesse that I wanted Archie to print posters of that cover so I could hang one up in my apartment. I also said that as much as I loved "Life with Archie," the kid inside me was a little disappointed that the comic underneath Francesco's cover didn't have any zombies in it. A few seconds of silence; then, three comic book light bulbs appeared over our heads, at precisely the same moment. *"This should be a comic book!"* Later that afternoon, I got an e-mail from Jon that read, simply: "Let's do this." I wholeheartedly agreed, wondering if the book should be called "Crypt of Archie." Since then, "Afterlife with Archie" (of course that *had* to be its title, *duh*—another instant classic) has become so much more than a zombie book, but since it began with a cover, it's only fitting to honor *all* of the covers that have graced our first five issues. And, of course, the inspiration for it all.

*Roberto
Aguiar's
Jaron*



AMERICA'S TYPICAL TEEN-ZOMBIE

NO.
23

VARIANT

ALL
NEW
CHILLING
TALES!

399¢

AFTERLIFE *With* Archie *Comics*



Originally published in 2013, this variant cover for "Life with Archie" Magazine #23 served as the inspiration for what was to become the most successful new brand in the history of Archie Comics.

Artwork by **FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA**



The main cover for "Afterlife with Archie" #1.
One of four covers released for the initial launch, the artwork for this cover was used to heavily promote the ground-breaking new series.

Artwork by **FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA**

NO.
1
VARIANT

ALL
NEW
CHILLING
TALES!

299¢

AFTERLIFE *with* Archie *comics*®



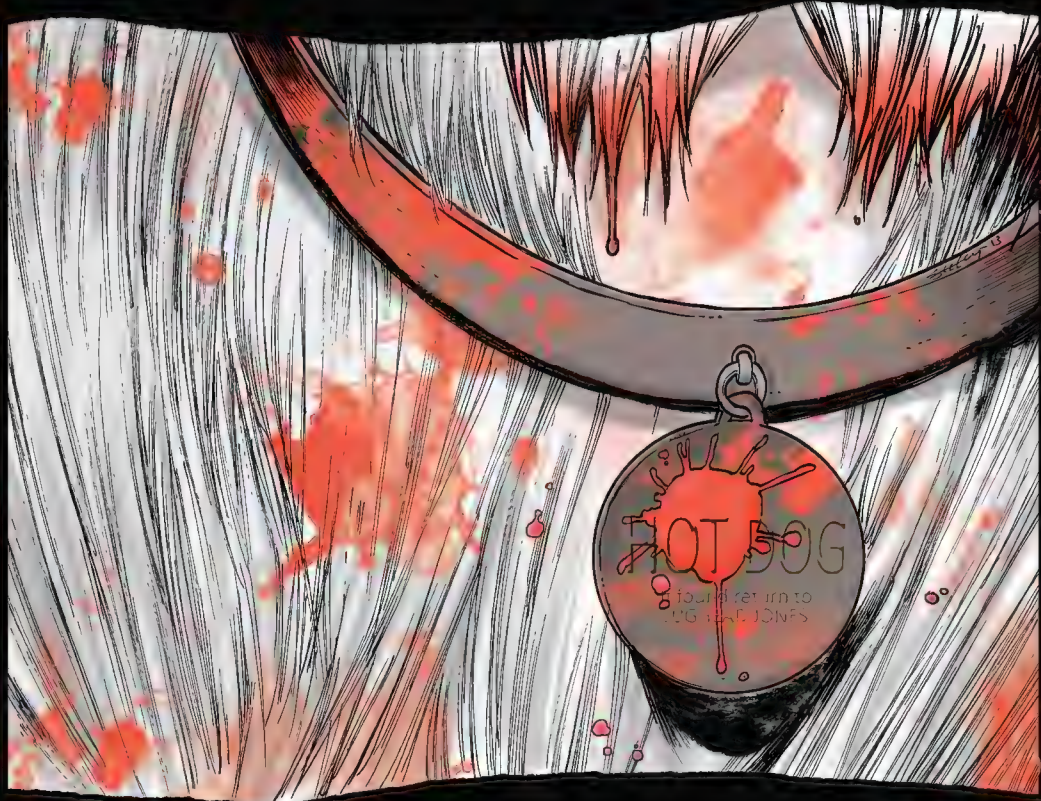
FRANCISCA
FRANCAVILLA
14.F.13

The first variant for "Afterlife with Archie" #1.
The second of four covers released for the initial launch, artist
Francesco Francavilla gives us a better look at Jugdead.

Artwork by **FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA**

NO.
1
VARIANT

AFTERLIFE *with* Archie comics®



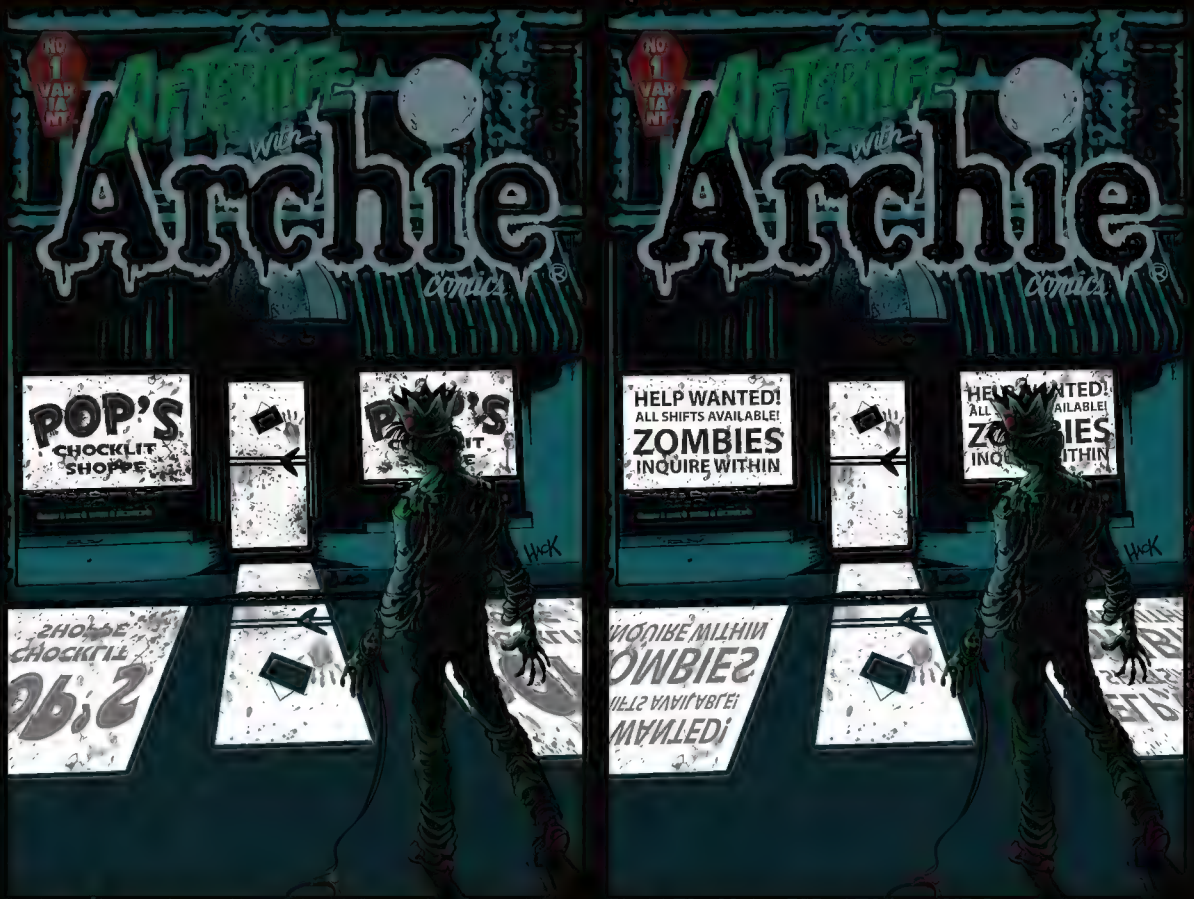
The second variant for "Afterlife with Archie" #1.
Number three of four covers released for the initial launch and the first
in a series of related variant covers by artist Tim Seeley.

Artwork by **TIM SEELEY**



The third variant for "Afterlife with Archie" #1. This cover proved to be one of our most popular variants, ranking second in overall sales of the initial print run of the first issue.

Artwork by **ANDREW PEPOY** AND **TITO PEÑA**



Limited Edition NY Comic Con variants for “Afterlife with Archie” #1.

Finding a single copy of the first print run of “Afterlife with Archie” #1 is difficult enough, these two variant covers are quite possibly the most elusive of the bunch.

Limited to only 400 copies, the “Bloody Pop’s” variant cover, only available at the Archie Comics booth during the New York Comic Con, sold out within hours of the doors opening.

Initially only offered as an incentive to fans for showing their Archie love by attending the convention as an Archie-inspired zombie, the demand to sell was too great and only when every other copy of “Afterlife with Archie” #1 was sold, the “Help Wanted” variant was finally made available for purchase, selling out every issue of the 200 copy print run.

Artwork by **ROBERT HACK**

2ND PRINTING
VARIANT

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ALL
NEW
CHILLING
TALES!

299c

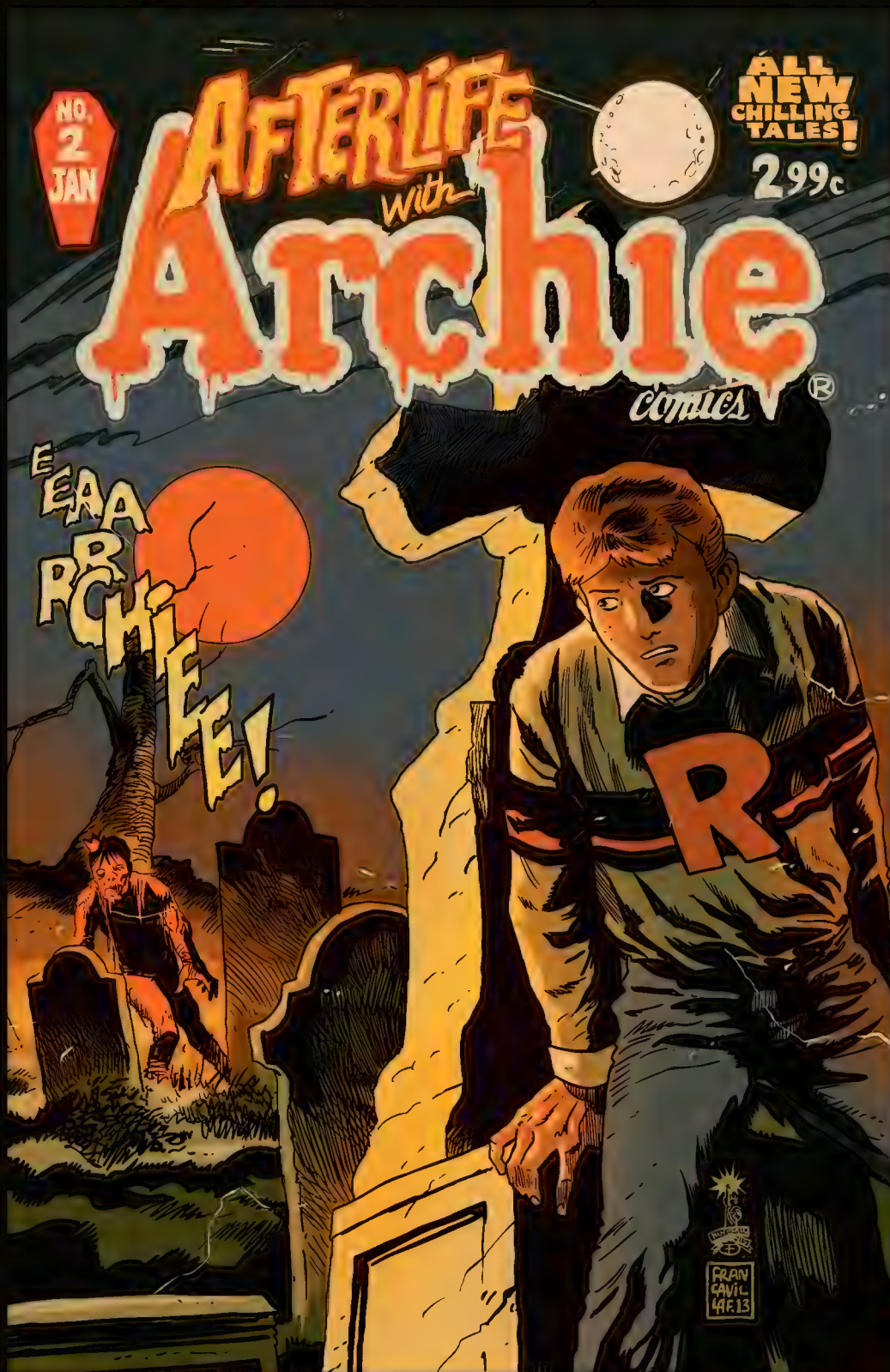
AFTERLIFE *With* Archie *Comics*®



Second printing cover for "Afterlife with Archie" #1.

After the first print run of "Afterlife with Archie" #1 sold out across the country, artist Francesco Francavilla quickly responded with an all-new image for the second printing.

Artwork by **FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA**



Cover for "Afterlife with Archie" #2.

While the original cover for issue #1 artfully gave fans a glimpse at what they could expect, artist Francesco Francavilla's cover for issue #2 intensified the terror and impending doom.

Artwork by **FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA**

NO.
2
VAR
IA
NT

AFTERLIFE *with* Archie *comics*®



Variant cover for "Afterlife with Archie" #2.
The second in a series of related variant covers
highlighting the horror that has befallen Riverdale.

Artwork by **TIM SEELEY**



Second printing cover for "Afterlife with Archie" #2. Once again, "Afterlife with Archie" sold out across the country, so Francesco Francavilla provided an all-new cover for the second printing of the break-out series.

Artwork by **FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA**



Cover for "Afterlife with Archie" #3. Just as the series broke new ground for Archie Comics, artist Francesco Francavilla has Jugdead breaking through his grave and rising to terrorize Riverdale.

Artwork by **FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA**

NO.
3
VARIANT

AFTERLIFE With Archie comics®



Variant cover for "Afterlife with Archie" #3.

The third in a series of related variant covers, this time bringing the horror home, in a personal way, for Betty Cooper.

Artwork by **TIM SEELEY**

2ND PRINTING
VARIANT

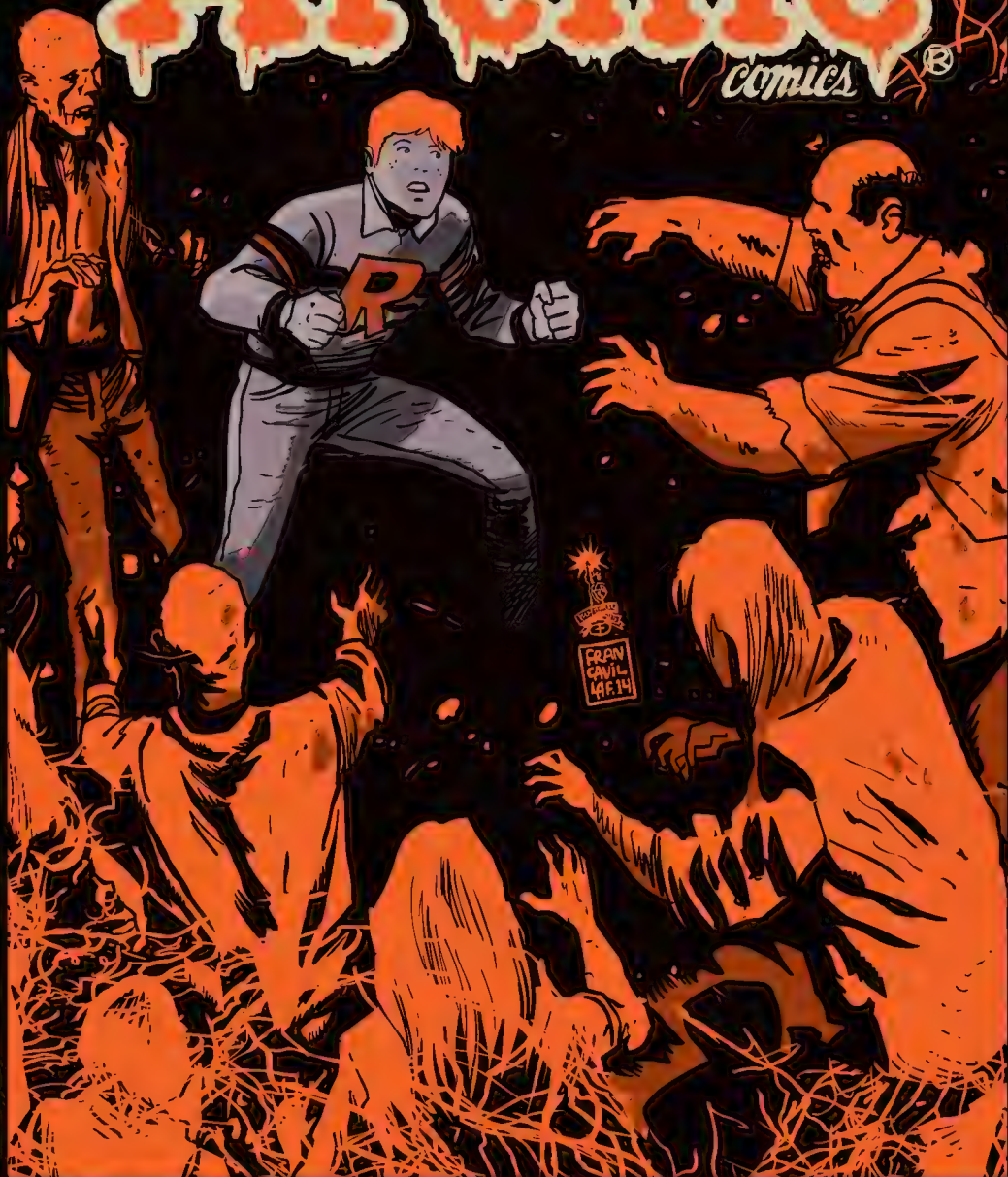
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ALL
NEW
CHILLING
TALES!

299¢

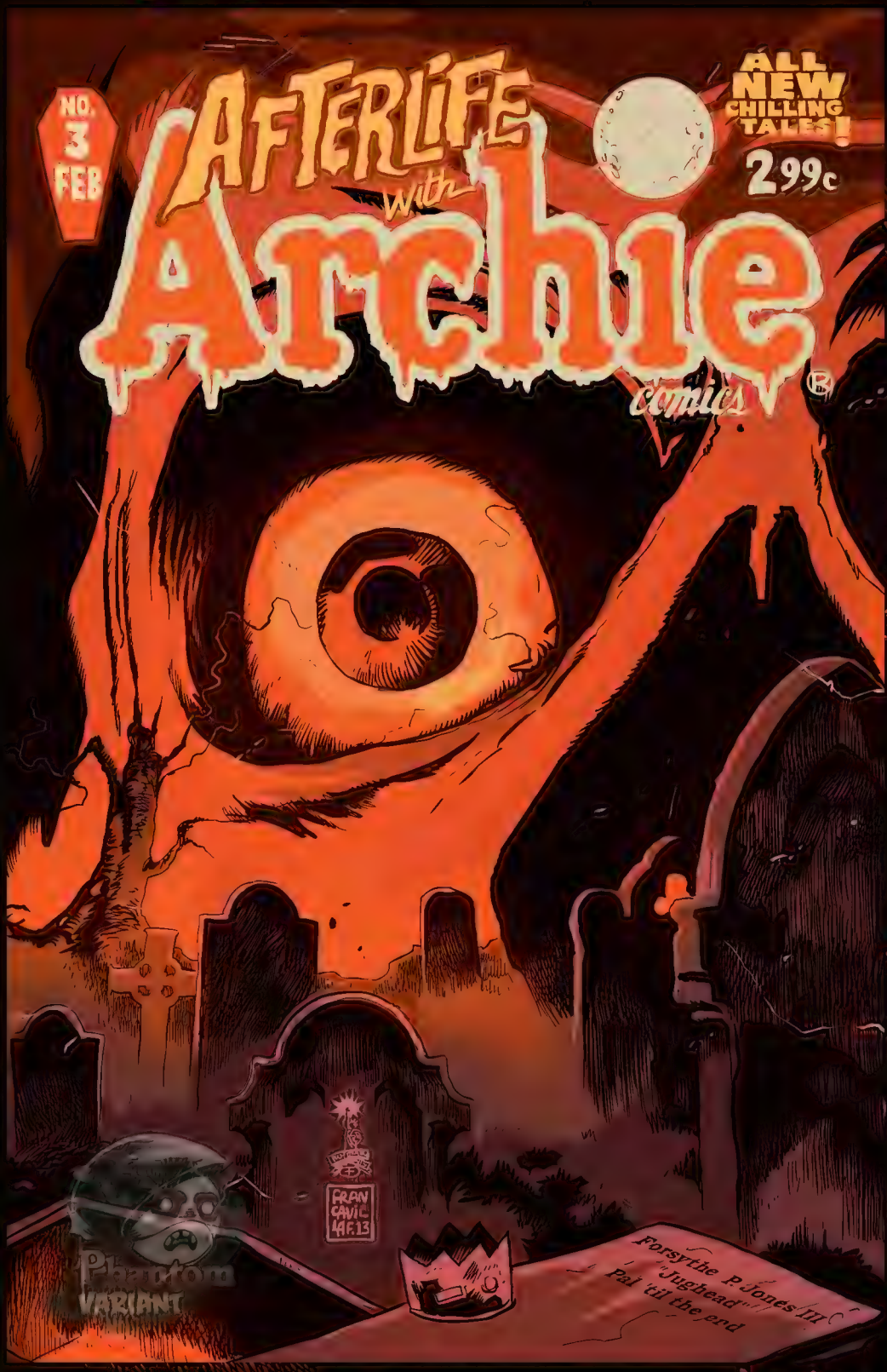
AFTERLIFE With Archie

comics®



Second printing cover for "Afterlife with Archie" #3. By this time, not only has "Afterlife with Archie" sold out another printing of its latest issue, but it has become a multi-award winning series, garnering praise from reviewers and celebrities alike.

Artwork by **FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA**



Phantom variant cover for "Afterlife with Archie" #3.

With the all of the positive reviews and praise pouring in, Archie Comics was approached by the Phantom Group, a collection of comics retailers, to provide an exclusive variant cover for issue #3.

Artwork by **FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA**

NO.
4
APR

AFTERLIFE *With* Archie *Comics*®

ALL
NEW
CHILLING
TALES!

2.99c



Cover for "Afterlife with Archie" #4

The horde has amassed and the end is near. Artist Francesco Francavilla brings the terror to the forefront as Jughead oversees his army on the march.

Artwork by **FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA**



Variant cover for "Afterlife with Archie" #4

The fourth and final in a series of related variant covers, this time focusing on the character who would become King of the Zombies, Jughead Jones.

Artwork by **TIM SEELEY**

NO.
4
VARIANT

AFTERLIFE *With* Archie[®] comics

ALL
NEW
CHILLING
TALES!



ComicsPro variant cover for "Afterlife with Archie" #4

When Archie Comics was approached to provide an exclusive cover for the Comics Professional Retailer Organization, artist Francesco Francavilla took it to the graveyard and delivered this spine-tingling image.

Artwork by **FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA**



Second printing cover for "Afterlife with Archie" #4. Artist Francesco Francavilla takes a different approach to the second printing cover for issue #4, focusing upon a key hero from writer Roberto Aguirre-Sacasa's latest installment.

Artwork by **FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA**



"Afterlife with Archie" #5.

Jugdead and his follows are coming to get you in this cover for this fifth and final issue of our first arc, "Escape from Riverdale."

Artwork by **FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA**



Variant cover for "Afterlife with Archie" #5.

Artist Andrew Pepoy brings a horror pin-up flair to this variant cover for issue #5.

Artwork by **ANDREW PEPOY** AND **JASON MILLET**



Cover for 44th edition of the Overstreet Comics Book price guide.
Here's Jugdead! In this single image, artist Francesco Francavilla
tells an entire chilling story.

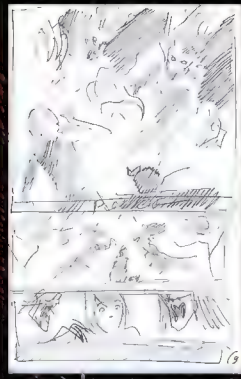
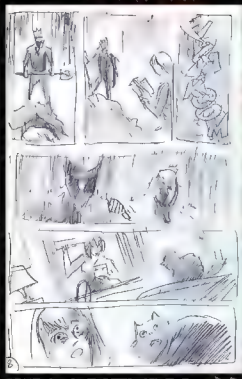
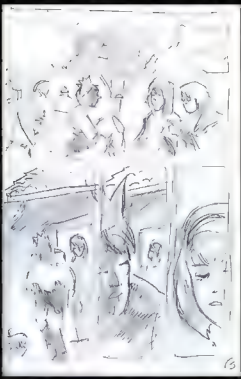
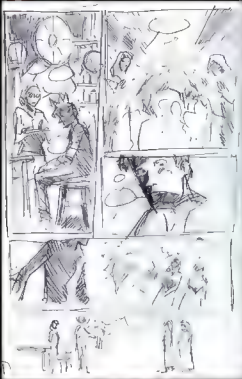
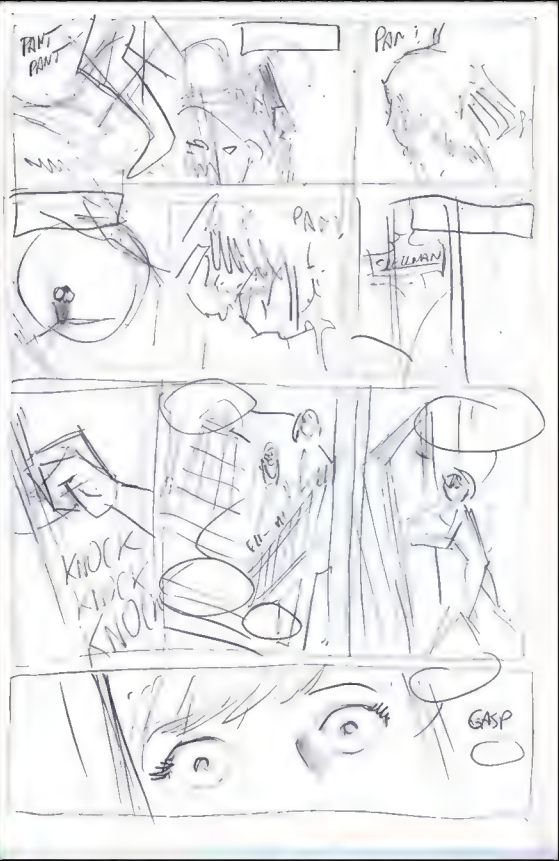
Artwork by **FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA**

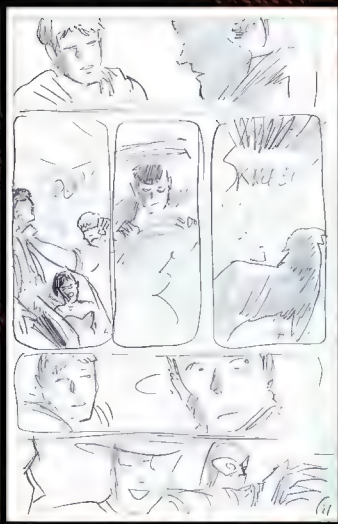
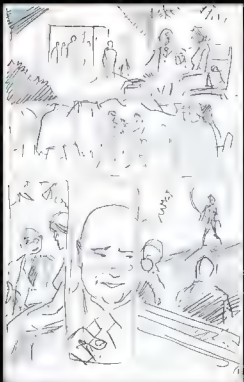
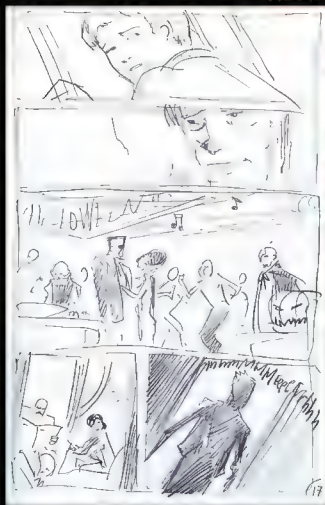
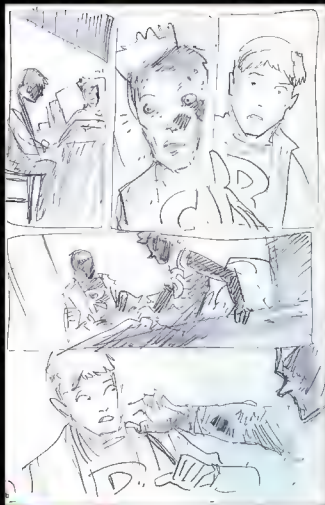
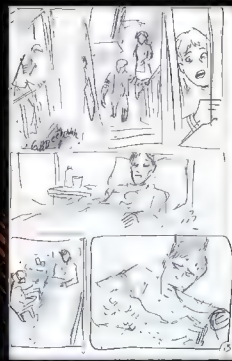
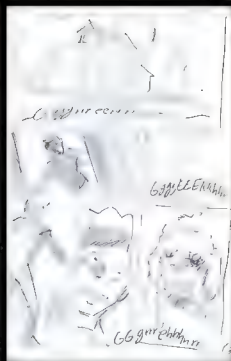
SKETCHES OF THE DEAD

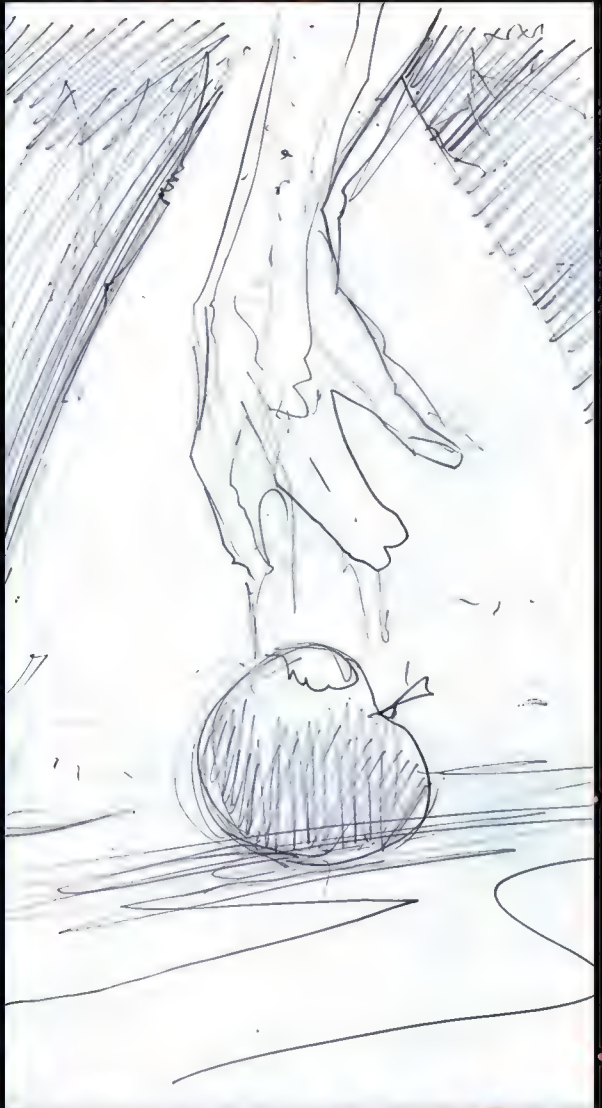
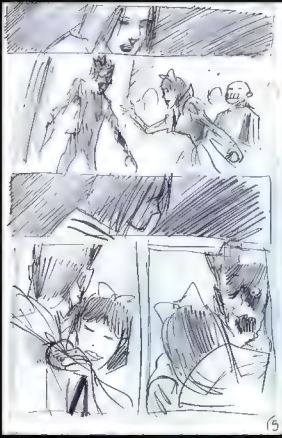
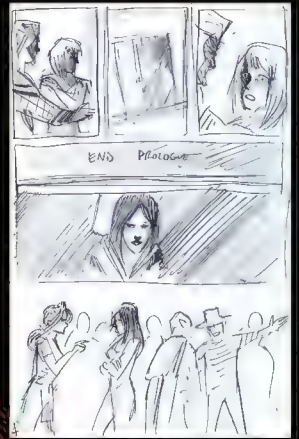
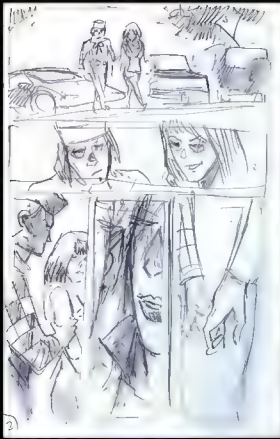
A very good day is when an e-mail appears in your Inbox, and it's from Francesco Francavilla, and he's sending you pages he's drawn based on a Word Document you e-mailed him who knows how many weeks earlier. Before you get the final inked and colored pages, you get Francesco's pencils. He usually sends them to you in two chunks; the first twelve pages, then the second. The pencils are tight—meaning, they're very close to what the final pages will be. They are gorgeous, and could be published as is—which is part of the reason they're included here: Because why should we be the only ones who get a peek into Francesco's process—his notebooks? Every single page is stunning—and here, in this book, you can see how even slight adjustments between pencils and finished artwork make an enormous difference. Compare, for instance, Francesco's first take on the death of Fred Andrews to his final version. It's still a grid, but it's less repetitious, and the individual panels tell a greater story. (Truly a “Mondrian of horror” page, which is how Francesco described it.) When I saw the pencils for that page, I thought, “Perfect.” When I got the inked and colored version, I thought, “How did he make it better?” It's a question I find myself asking a lot these days.

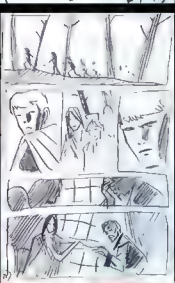
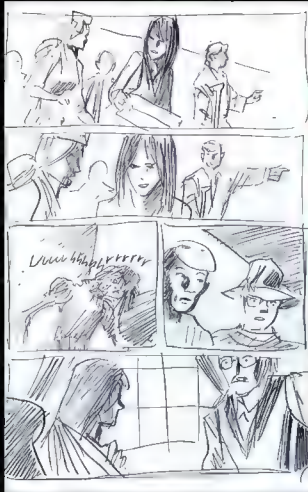
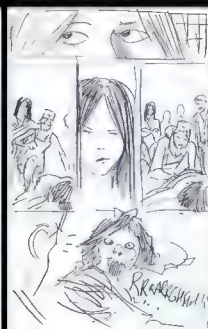
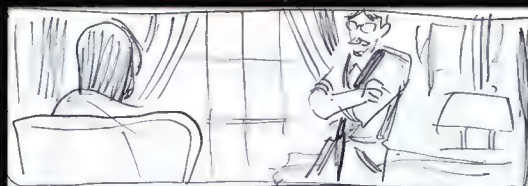


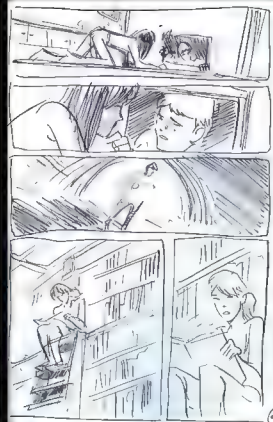
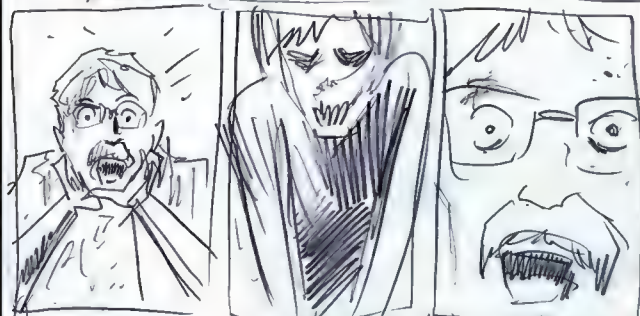
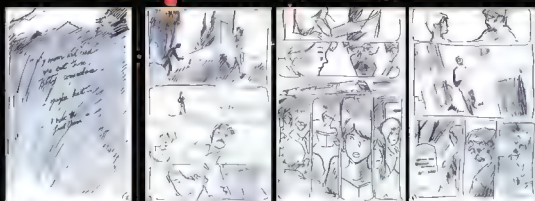
In these next few pages, take a look at the layouts and brilliant framework of artist Francesco Francavilla's gorgeous art for chapters 1-5.

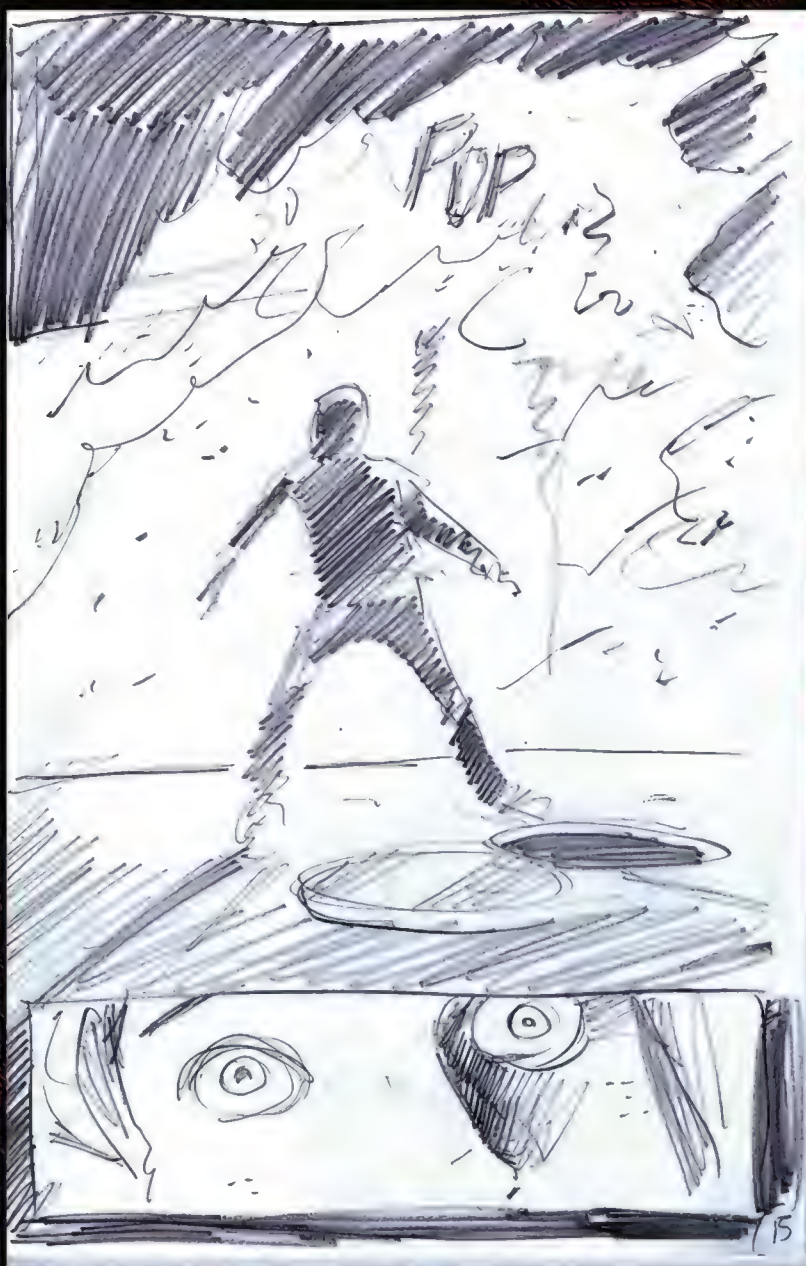
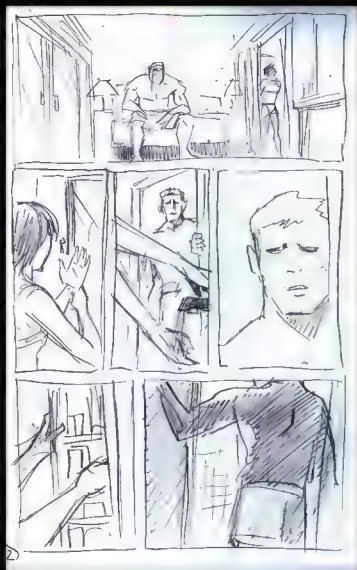


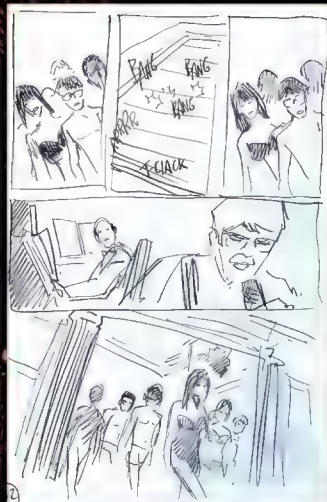
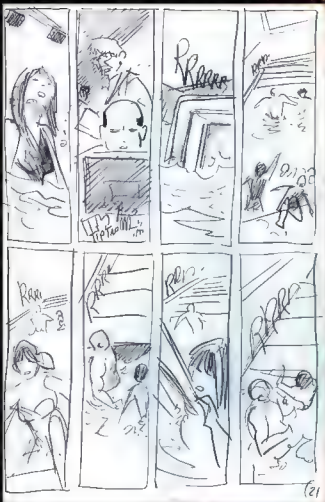
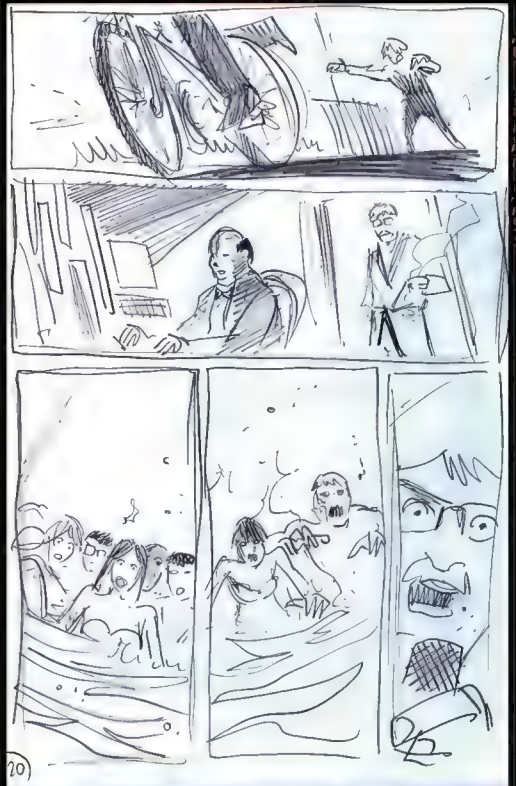
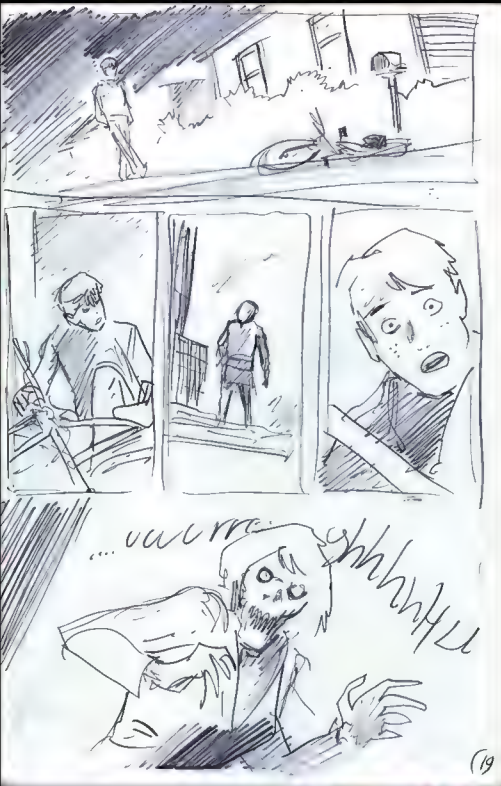
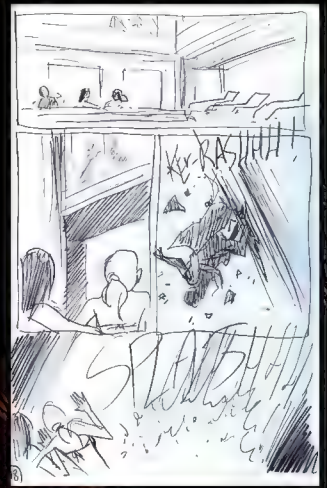
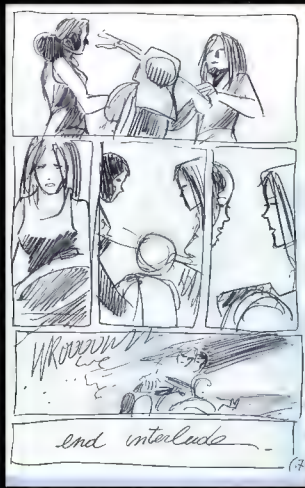


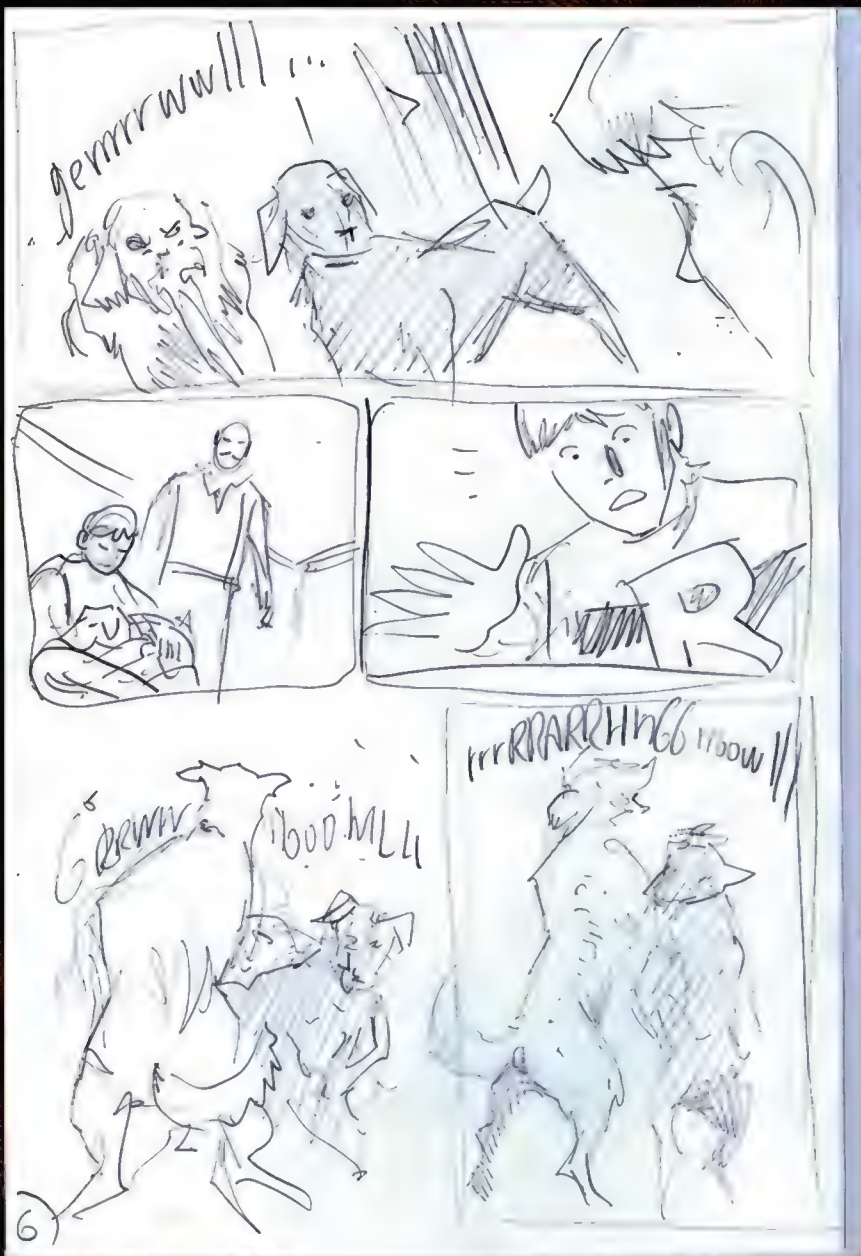
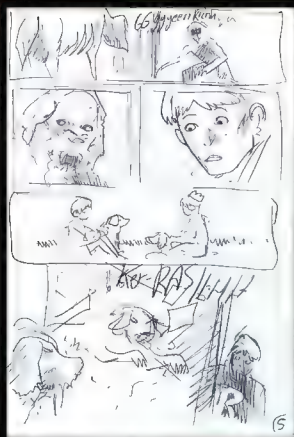
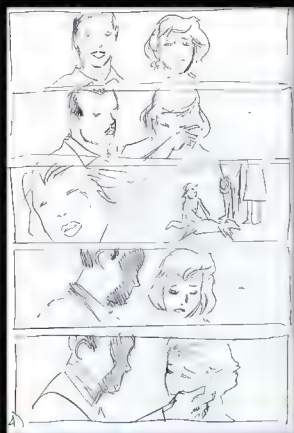
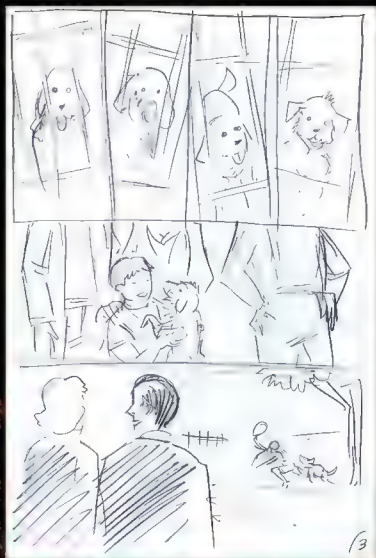
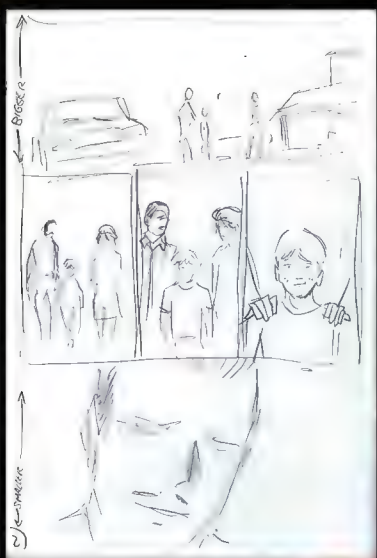


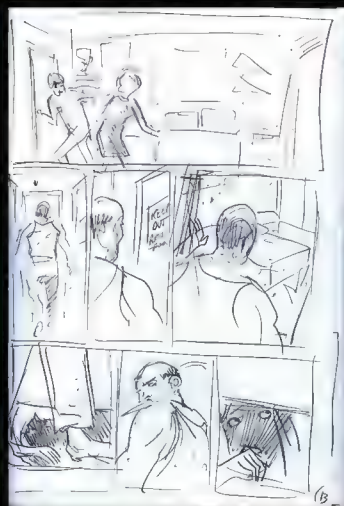
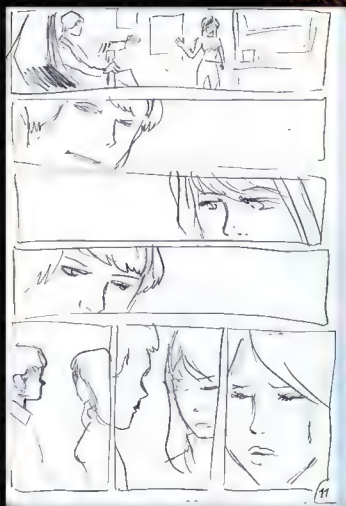
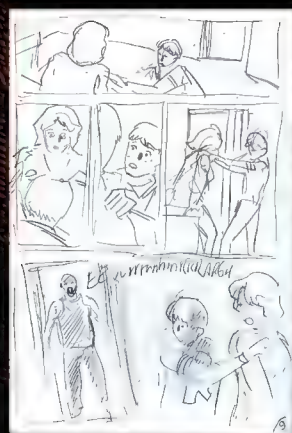
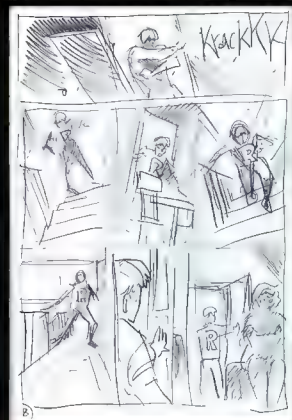
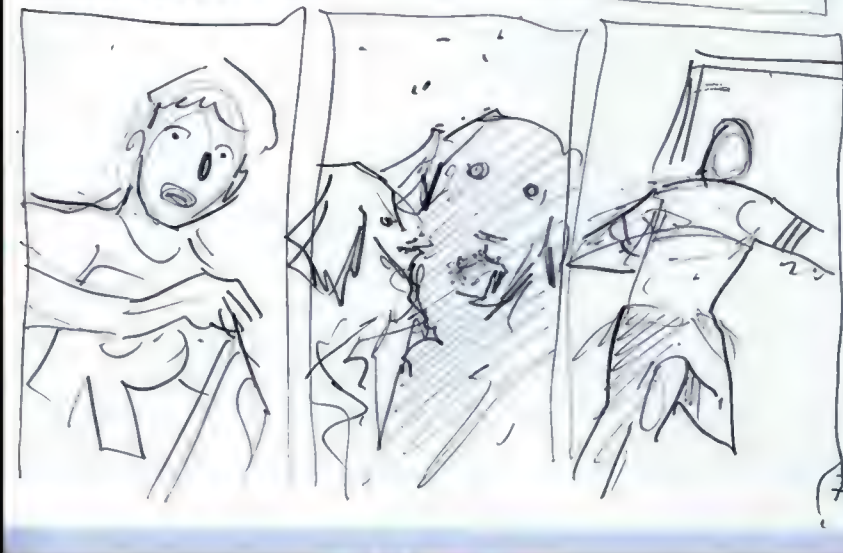
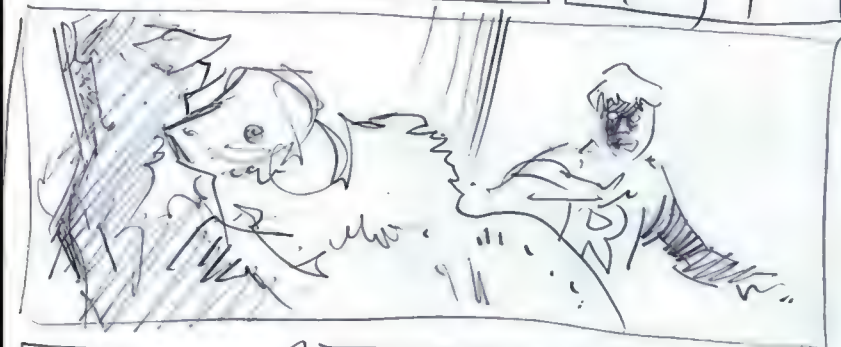
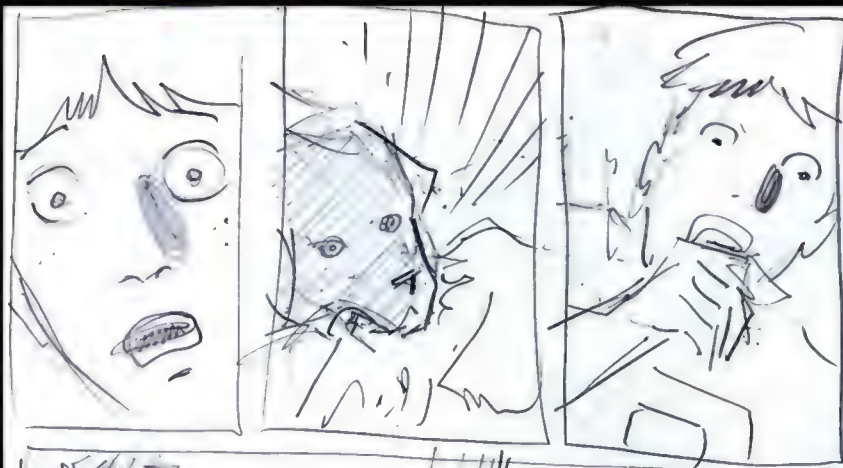


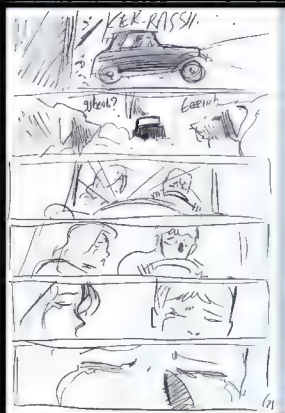
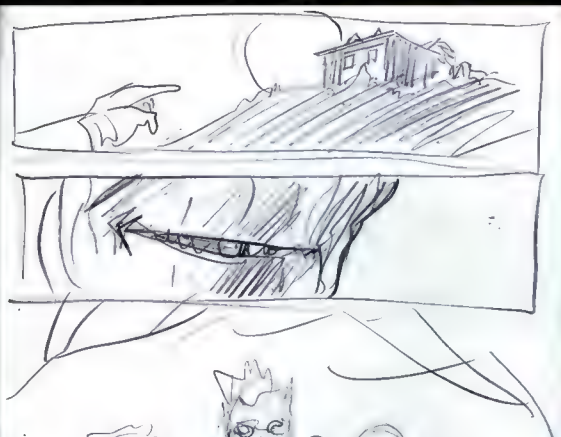
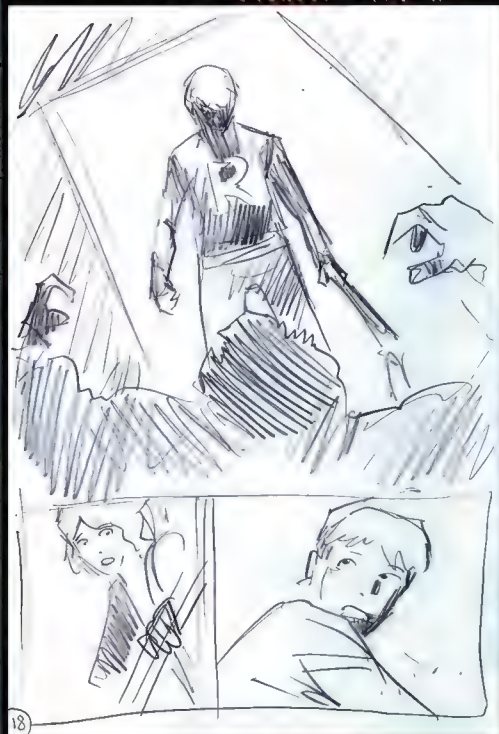
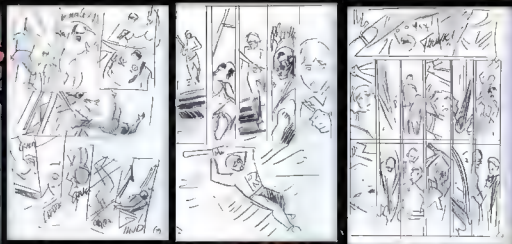
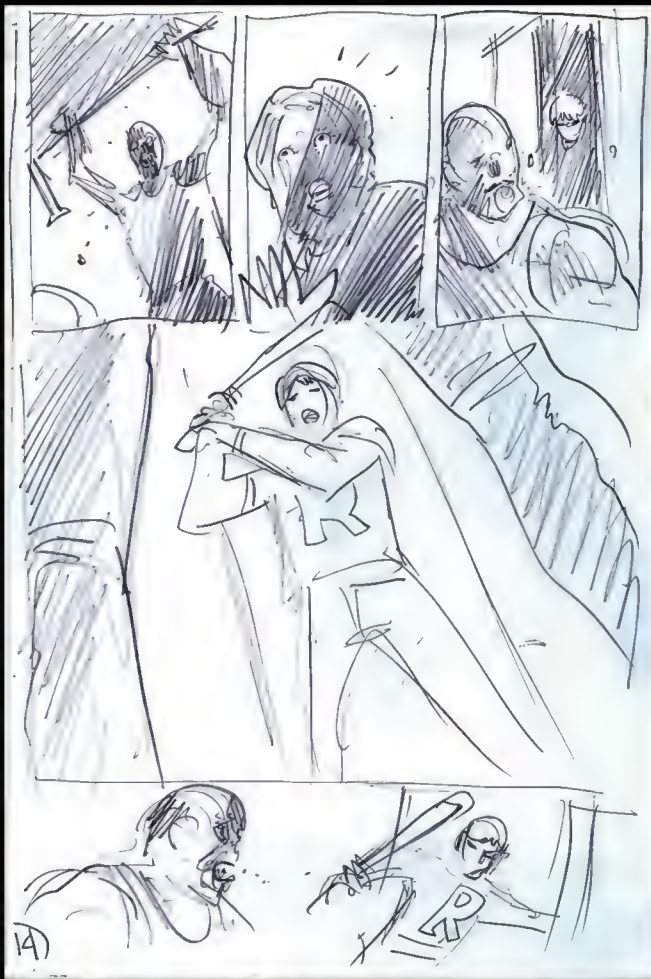






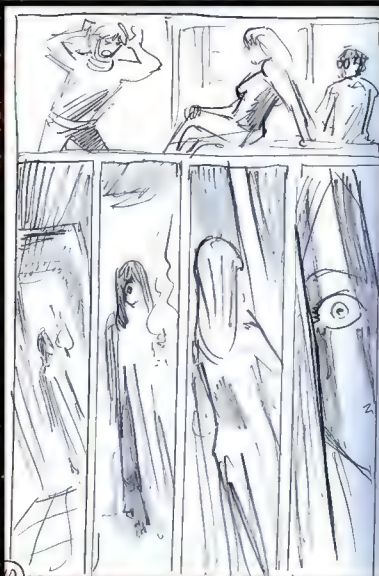
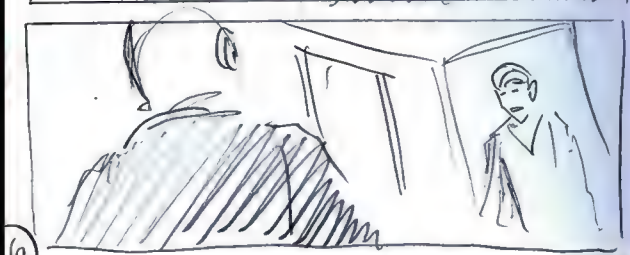
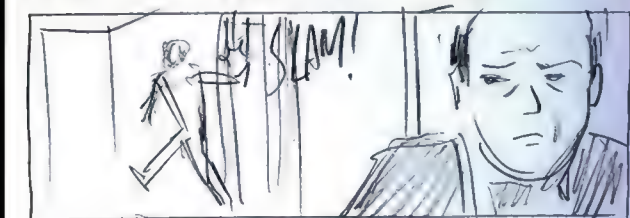
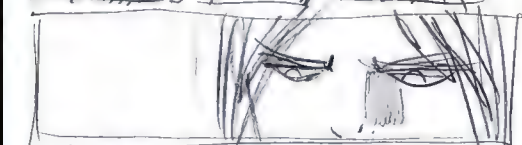
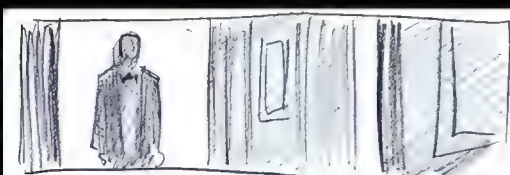


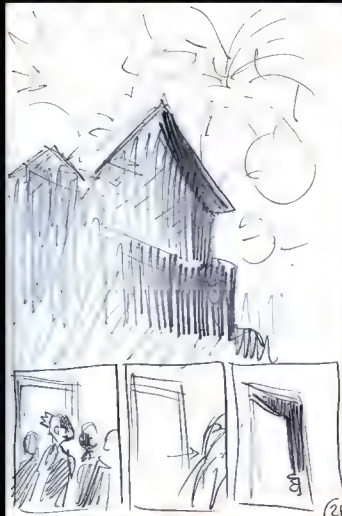
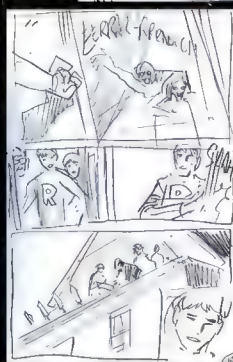
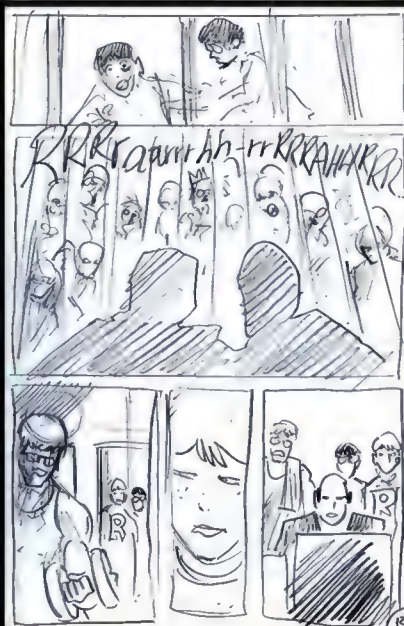




NEXT: SIEGE! FROM CIVIL WAR 141-142

We've lived here
for over 100 years
and we're still going
to come back,
over us?"





END OF BOOK ONE.

ACQUIRE FROM
SUSAN LAF.14

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD...





...WHEN THE STREETS
OF RIVERDALE RUN
RED WITH BLOOD?



TO BE CONTINUED...

THIS IS HOW THE END OF THE WORLD BEGINS...



All hell breaks loose when a fateful accident sets in motion a series of terrifying events that will threaten the town of **Riverdale** like never before! When the dead begin to rise, **craving human flesh**, it's up to **Archie, Betty & Veronica**, and the Gang to fight for their lives against the **zombie hordes** led by their former pal, **Jughead**...

Harvey Award-winning writer **Roberto Aguirre-Sacasa** (Archie Meets GLEE, Stephen King's The Stand) and Eisner-winning artist **Francesco Francavilla** (The Black Beetle, Guardians of the Galaxy) bring the apocalypse to the world of Archie in a tale that is both gruesome and heartbreaking.

"Roberto Aguirre-Sacasa's script is authentically moving and Francesco Francavilla's art is wonderfully atmospheric" – Miami Herald
"Move over 'Walking Dead', comics has a new king of zombies..." – Den of Geek
"It's got tight, tense storylines, genuine horror and real pathos" – Boing Boing
"If this were a list of the best comics of the year rather than the best superhero comics, I'd put 'Afterlife with Archie' at the top" – Salon

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VIOLENCE & MATURE CONTENT

DR. VINK

WITH A VA-VA-VA

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